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The Star Act

By Ladnar J. Senrac

Other Complete Short Stories And Serials

CHICAGO LEDGER

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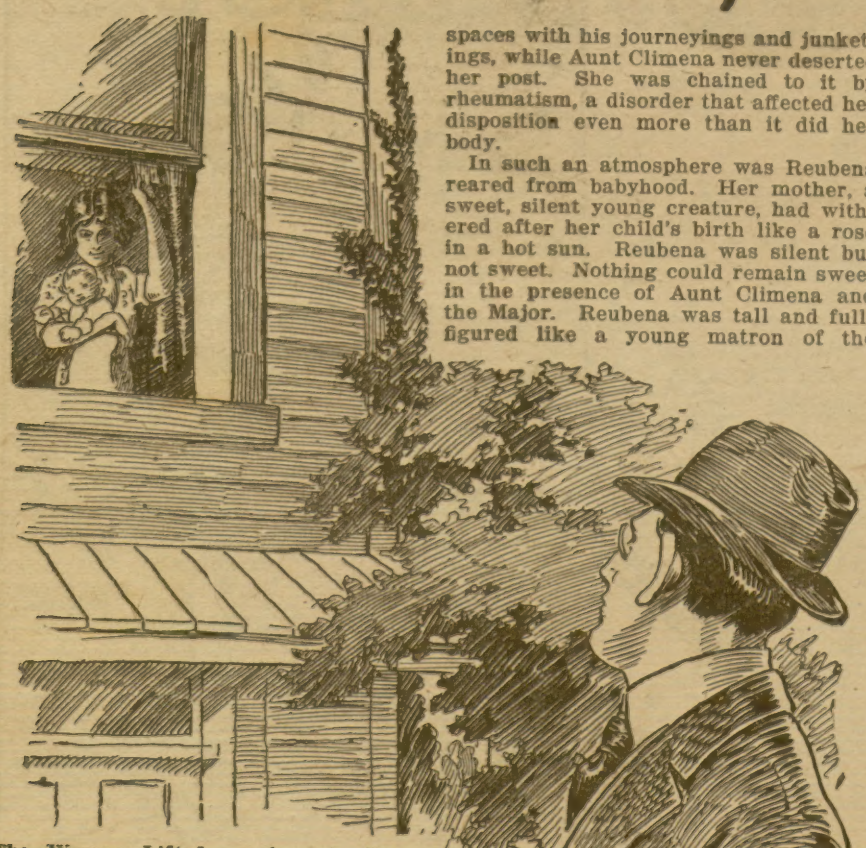
Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 35

A Singular Elopement

By Rose D. Nealley



The Woman Lifted an Arm to Draw Back the Drapery.

REUBENA HOLLAND was 33 years old, but was as thoroly in leading strings as tho thirty of those years had been discounted. Hers was a double thraldom. To be the daughter of a domineering old reprobate like Major Holland was bad enough, but the Major gave her frequent breathing spaces with his journeyings and junketings, while Aunt Climena never deserted her post. She was chained to it by rheumatism, a disorder that affected her disposition even more than it did her body.

In such an atmosphere was Reubena reared from babyhood. Her mother, a sweet, silent young creature, had withered after her child's birth like a rose in a hot sun. Reubena was silent but not sweet. Nothing could remain sweet in the presence of Aunt Climena and the Major. Reubena was tall and full-figured like a young matron of the Reubens type. Only fragile women are designated as sweet. Silence was the breastplate which Reubena wore to withstand the shot and shrapnel of the Holland battlefield.

The girl might have been beautiful if it were not for the somewhat sullen expression of her mouth, the lack of warmth in her skin and the slumbering revolt in her dusky eyes. Her friends hoped she would marry, but the Major's irascibility, Aunt Climena's perpetual chirping, together with Reubena's lack of coquetry, had driven away would-be suitors, while at the same time they looked longingly over their shoulders at the Major's heap of gold.

Aunt Climena, despairing of getting her off her hands had redoubled her chirping. Reubena had become more depressed. She shut herself up with all sorts of "isms" and "ologies" until she was in danger of becoming frightfully learned. She longed to try social work but the Major had curtly commanded her to "Cut out that sort of thing or I'll cut off your allowance. Let me know of your even speaking to one of those Yiddish or Dago kids and I'll shut you up in a sanitarium. Remember you're a Holland and keep out of the slums. Gad! Why don't you get married? It's a woman's business to marry."

"Nobody has asked me, father."

"Gad! Why shouldn't they? Isn't Major Holland's daughter good enough for anybody? It's your own fault. The men have got wind of your high-brow stunts. A man doesn't want a woman that knows more than he does. If you know anything keep it to yourself."

"I do, father."

The Major swept his daughter with a tempestuous glance. "You're a dough-faced gawk!" he sneered. "You dress like an old-maid schoolmarm! Why don't you doll yourself up? Paint your face; giggle, flirt—do anything to make the men look at you?"

The smouldering fire in Reubena's eyes sprang to a blaze. "I have too much self-respect to sell myself. If you wish to be rid of me I'll go at once."

"Go where?"

"I don't know."

"You've no money except what I give you."

"I can work."

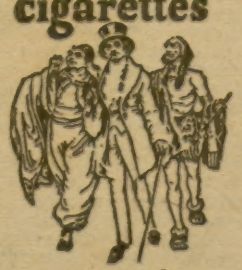
"You cannot! You don't know how. You'll stay where you are! I don't wish to be rid of you and I don't care whether you marry or not, but I don't want it said that Major Holland's daughter never had an offer. D'you hear?" thundered the Major.

But Reubena did not wait for more.

(Continued on Page 23.)

"111"

cigarettes



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They are GOOD!

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

DEAR MISS GREY: I have been a regular reader of the Ledger and Blade for twelve years now, but, my dear lady, first of all I don't half believe that all those problems are sent in to you! An occasional one sounds so silly, that it must either be sent in by a young, giddy girl or be made up by someone writing for the Ledger. I even think Victoria Grey may be a man. Anyway, here is a question you can NOT solve; therefore, I suppose it will never appear in any column of the Ledger.

Twenty-two years ago I fell desperately in love with a young lady. I loved her with a real, true love and she encouraged me. I called on her for two years, at her home. She returned my thousands of kisses passionately. We attended dances together. We were blissfully happy and when I was all prepared to marry her, I proposed to her.

I was rejected—first because I was ten years older than she and then because she was a Protestant and I, a Roman Catholic, and her parents would not hear of "such a mixed marriage." We had to part. The girl told me she had to do as "mother says," no matter how she cared for me.

It next happened that I met another young lady, the same age as the other. She was even far better looking, made a better appearance in every way, was very attractive, and above all, a Roman Catholic: a sensible, true girl, as pure as an angel. When I spoke to her the first time, I made up my mind to win her and marry her, cost what it would. But I did not love her. I honored and respected every wish of hers, and altho I knew she did not love me as well as the other one, we got married. We were happy in a sense; we had children. The two girls are school teachers now and the boys will go in for the same, as I have left the decision to my wife.

It is now twenty-two years since our marriage, yet I have come no nearer to loving my wife in all of these years, simply because my first love has never died and never will. I love her still. She appears to me in my dreams. She seems never to be out of my mind. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night I think of her.

The only fault my wife has is that she is jealous of my love for my children. It is "love only me," which in my opinion is unreasonable and selfish. Now here I must make a statement. For some years I have been in Canada while my wife and children are in England. I send her a regular monthly check for her support, and I believe she is a true woman to herself and can face her husband with a clean heart. A few weeks ago I sent my eldest daughter some money to buy herself a nice handbag for a present from her daddy. My wife got so enraged about it that she wrote to me that if I could not trust her with the money for the children, I had better stop writing; and of course the girl has to suffer for that selfishness of her mother's. I wrote back promising not to write to her again until she asked me to do so, tho of course I am sending the monthly check. Hasn't a father a perfect right to love his children and bestow any little side affection upon them to make them happy? My wife says I want to buy their love with presents and money. It's a ridiculous thought but it's there and I cannot make her see it in any other way. Therefore at present we are at loggerheads. I think this will give you an idea of two problems I believe it is impossible to solve. Yours most respectfully, and one who likes fair play, who loves his children and who teaches them above all other things in this world that they should love mother best of all. PAUL F.

Dear Fellow Mortal: Do you know there are those whose lives are so placid, whose desires are so dead that they envy us-of-the-surging-souls with an envy greater than Satan's? The majority of people have never found any one who could stir the eternal spark and keep it glowing for twenty-two years. To have a remembrance that is as fragrant after twenty-two years! Of course, if you want to, you can easily destroy this love and this memory. But, dear Mr. F., are you sure you want to lose it? Well, here's how, at any rate. Look up the girl of your dreams. Find her, and if you have difficulty in finding her, employ a detective agency. Ask permission to visit in her home for a week or so. She will doubtlessly be glad to see an old friend. You will find that you have grown miles apart from each other, both in interests and little ways. It will be tragic, of course, but you will yearn to get back to your own family. For Fate has played the prank on us of making us love what we are used to. If you could contrive to see the Dream Girl, and see a lot of her for a short time, the trick, I am sure, would be turned. But I am afraid it will make you far unhappier, tho much more at rest, than you are now.

Here is another thing to think over. Could she have loved you so much if she gave you up so easily? A love can only be perfect when it is requited. If she had loved you with the intensity with which you loved her, there would have been nothing in her horizon but you—no mother, father, fortune or home. You should have been each other's happiness; each other's "golden shore!"

As for the other problem, it is no problem at all. Simply send your children all the presents and money you wish to. Bestow all the love upon them you can. They are just as surely your own as they are your wife's. Let Mrs. F. get angry and get over it. She will never become reasonable while you defer to her unreasonableness! Take your daughters and sons out to plays and dinner parties when next you see them. God gave them to you for comrades, and when your wife finds you are going your own way in the right way, she will begin to make excuses for you to herself, and —there—you will have the beginning of better relationship.

I am honestly a young woman and I do get all those letters from readers of the Ledger. People will probably write in and tell me I made your letter up, too; so you see how it goes. Won't you write me again telling me how it all came out?

(Concluded on Page 25.)

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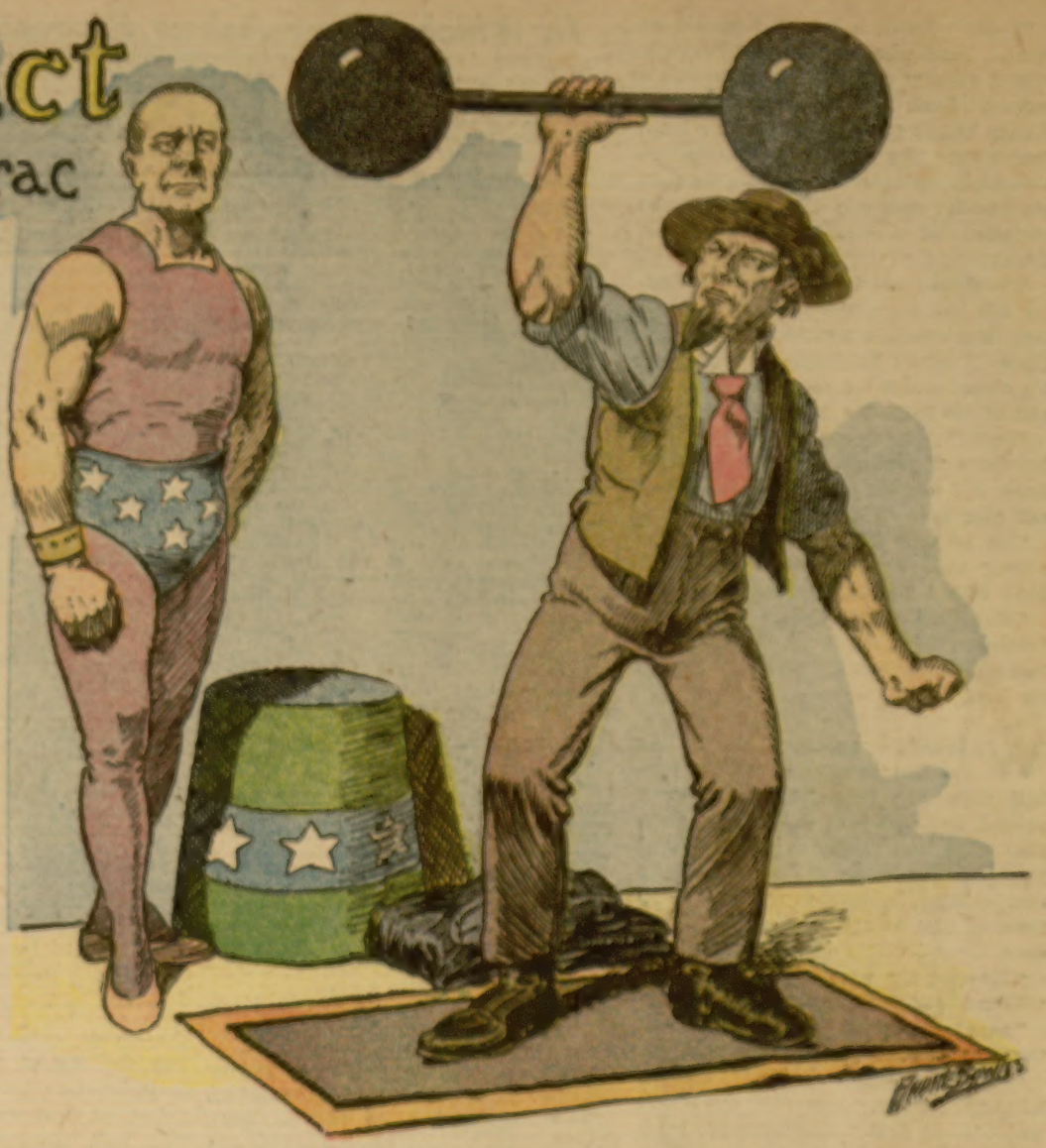
The Star Act

by Ladnar J. Senrac



"I TELL you, it's a risky business!" declared little George Nelson to his big partner in crime, Matt Goodhue, as the afternoon accommodation slowly but surely bore them toward their next scheduled scene of activity—Coalburg, Alabama.

"Besides," he went on, "I wasn't cut out for a crook—I'm an artist! There ain't a man in the country of my height and weight who can raise as heavy a dumb-bell above his head with one hand as I can! I'm tired of being a cheap crook—a tool in your dirty hands, content to live off the small change you grudgingly hand out, when I could be pulling down two hundred bones a week on the vaudeville circuit with the act I've got doped out. If I could just find a good lady partner, I'd give you the good-by, right now!"

In the seat behind them, a rosy-cheeked, somewhat flashily dressed young woman — short, compactly built, but graceful withal—had been listlessly reading one of the newsbutch's paper-backed novels. She had not paid the slightest attention to the oddly-assorted pair until Nelson's excited voice, rising sharply above the noise of the train, suddenly bored into her consciousness. Then she sat up straight, striving to catch every word. She liked the smaller man's resolute, determined expression, as with face half turned toward her, he belligerently eyed his evil-faced companion.

Matt Goodhue, tall, broad-shouldered, with the face of a gunman and the slow, heavy muscles of a Hercules, gave vent to a gurgling, unpleasant laugh.

"Aw, quit foolin' yerself, kid!" he rumbled. "Do yer t'ink fer a minute I'm goin' ta let yer quit on me? Not on yer sweet life, I ain't! Maybe our graft is a little risky—still, we ain't never fetched up in de hoosegow yet, have we?

"An' git me straight—git me straight! If I hear any more outa yer about quittin' I'll fix it so's yer'll wear a striped suit fer a long, long time. Yer know I can do it. Yer ain't been no angel, yerself. An' if yer don't show up fer de fireworks dis afternoon, right on de dot, I'll——"

The brakeman's head suddenly popped in at the door, and his raucous cry of "Coalburg! Coalburg! All off for Coalburg!" put a stop to the big man's dire threats.

The partners seized their grips and hurried down the aisle. The rosy-cheeked girl stared uncertainly for a moment at Goodhue's broad back as he pushed and shoved the smaller man along in front of him, and then, with sudden resolution, she picked up her small handbag and quietly followed them.

"Come on' boys! Who's next? Try yer muscle! De big barbell only weighs a measly two hundred pounds. One of youse big, husky coal-diggers oughta put it up an' git my ten dollars. Ten cents a try, boys, an' ten dollars if yer raises it to arm's length above yer dome wit' bot' hands! Come on—be a sport!"

"My God! That Fiend Is Knocking the Props Out!"

Matt Goodhue, hot, perspiring, clad in scandalous pink silk tights, his black thatch of hair bare to the scorching July sun, had thus exhorted the male population of Coalburg for the last half hour as he stood beside his huge barbell—which is nothing but a dumb-bell with a six-foot steel rod connecting the iron spheres—in the center of a gaping, admiring crowd of coal-diggers and other miscellaneous coal mine employes.

Here and there in the crowd could be seen a man wearing the broad black-and-white stripes of the convict. These men were "trusties" of the Flat-Top mine, a mine which employed convict labor exclusively. If Matt had known beforehand that part of his Coalburg audience would be thus attired, he would have given the town an extremely wide berth.

His offer of ten dollars, cash, to any one in the crowd who would raise the weight to arm's length above the head with both hands had been received with wild enthusiasm—especially since it appeared so easy when Matt performed the lift. But Matt was a trained lifter, and knew well that his ten dollars was safe enough. Regardless of what you may have heard to the contrary, lifters who can "slow-press" two hundred pounds are not born. They are made—by years of hard, steady practice.

For thirty minutes, Matt had gathered in an avalanche of dimes as man after man paid for the privilege of convincing himself that he was a fool for bucking another man's game. Finally the crowd had convinced its collective self that the thing couldn't be done—which, in Matt's past experience and future designs, was the psychological moment.

"Come on, boys—get my ten simoleons!" encouraged Matt in a slightly louder tone of voice. For a moment it seemed that no one else had any further interest in the ten simoleons; then, far back on the edge of the crowd, a sudden commotion caused everybody to crane their necks in that direction.

Goodhue, looking over the heads of those nearest him, could see a stoop-shouldered, goateed little man—obviously a farmer and just as obviously drunk—excitedly elbowing his way thru the crowd.

"Lemme see that gol-dinged contraption!" he shouted. "I may be all crippled up with rheumatiz' an' sich, but I'll be dad-gummed ef I don't run ye a close race fer them ten dollars, mister! Git out o' my way, everybody!"

The crowd roared with laughter. That such a little, hump-backed old man could win the coveted ten dollars was more than preposterous—it was a joke.

At last he stood before Matt and the barbell, and gave a loud sniff of contempt.

"Thet thing don't look heavy!" he snorted. "Why mister, I'll bet ye fifty dollars I kin put it up over my head with one hand! I don't need both hands fer no sich light weight as this!"

Again the crowd roared with laughter. Matt looked hard at the little man, amazement written all over his features. Then he grinned broadly and reached into his satin girdle.

"You're on, you boob! It's a shame to take de money, but I cain't resist de temptation.

"Who'll act as stakeholder fer us?" he addressed the crowd. A tolerably well-dressed man, evidently a gentleman of some standing in the community, stepped forward with an obliging nod and received the stakes. The farmer, facing the crowd, brandished a huge roll of bills.

"I've got a thousand dollars in my hand thet says I kin put up this contraption with one hand!" he yelled. "Who wants to kiver it?"

In Which Hilary Askew Proceeds to Do Some Civic Cleaning Up.

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

"I do!" yelled a hundred people at once. Pandemonium reigned as the crowd eagerly covered the little man's money. Such a chance to make easy money hadn't come their way in a long, long time. The gentleman who had so obligingly volunteered his services as stakeholder suddenly found himself the recipient of a considerable sum of money.

When the little farmer's last ten dollar bill had been covered with the village blacksmith's twenty dollar gold-piece—a family heirloom—he pulled off his shiny, sun-faded coat and gave one end of the barbell a tentative tug.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Hit's heavier'n I thought it was! I don't know if I can lift it or not! Say—let's call ther bets off!"

"Not on your life!" angrily yelled the crowd, and the stakeholder shook his head with a heavy air of finality.

"Well, all right then!" piped the farmer. "Ef I put it up, don't none o' you fellers say I didn't give ye a chance ter back out!"

WITHOUT another word, he reached down, grasped the barbell with both hands, hesitated for a second, and with such surprising quickness that the heavy weight seemed fairly to leap from the ground of its own volition, brought it straight up in front of him to the level of his shoulders.

"Thought yer was goin' to put it up wit' one hand!" sneered Matt.

"Yeah! One hand, old man—that was the bet!" supplemented the crowd.

"All right—gimme time!" admonished the farmer. And while the crowd watched—at first with bantering, loud-mouthed amusement but later in silent, open-mouthed amazement—he nimbly shifted the barbell until it was held in his right hand alone; then slowly but surely pushed it aloft until his arm was perfectly straight.

The crowd, which had unconsciously held its breath for fifteen seconds, sighed long and loud as breathing was resumed.

"Jumpin' crickets, he done it!" the blacksmith shrilly cried, thinking of the family heirloom, now lost forever.

The little farmer coolly held the mass of iron above his head for a few seconds, then, with a quick, backward step he moved to one side and the barbell crashed to the ground, half-burying the twelve-inch, cast-iron spheres.

Suddenly a shout, menacing, blood-curdling, went up from the crowd. Men pointed accusing fingers at the little farmer, who, with face a chalky, sickly white, cowered before them minus—ah, totally minus—the tobacco-stained, gray-streaked goatee!

For his right arm, in bending to allow the barbell to drop, had curved inward a little too far—had brushed the insecurely fastened goatee from his chin; and there it lay on the ground at his feet, ridiculous, incriminating, horrible.

Matt Goodhue, sensing the mob spirit in that milling, cursing, shouting crowd, knew the game was up—escape impossible. But first, he'd fix this little fool for gummin' things up! Drawing back his terrible right arm, he dealt the defenseless little man a cowardly, smashing blow on the jaw.

A rosy-cheeked, somewhat flashily-dressed young woman, framed in the commissary doorway a few yards distant, gave a loud, piercing scream as Nelson, under the awful impact of that blow, went down like a log, and, stretched out on the hard, sun-baked ground, lay very, very still.

"What do you'se t'ink about yer blamed Human Jackscrew, now—t'ink

(Continued on Page 16.)

The Story From the Beginning—Condensed for New Readers.

HILARY ASKEW, a courageous and efficient young American, who had made forestry his chief study, inherited his uncle's timber tract of one hundred square miles in the province of Quebec, Canada, within which the former owner,

MONSIEUR EDMOND ROSNY, still retained his chateau and a few surrounding acres. Upon arriving in Quebec, from the States, young Askew visited the office of

LAMARTINE, a notary, who at once began to belittle the value of the timber tract as an investment. Hilary's uncle, according to the notary, had paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the cutting rights alone, and it had proved a very discouraging investment. He'd better sell out and return to the States.

The St. Boniface tract—Hilary's holdings—lay below the city of Quebec—on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Adjacent to it was the Sainte Marie Company's tract, with

MONSIEUR EDOUARD BROUSSEAU, as part owner, who with his associate and partner,

MR. MORRIS, had managed the St. Boniface property for young Askew's uncle. Askew suspicioned that the notary, Brousseau and Morris were in league to get possession of the St. Boniface tract, and his visit to the tract soon convinced him that his suspicions were well founded. The timber cutters were surly and disinclined to listen to his orders, all save

LAFE CONNELL, a down-east Yankee, foreman of the cutters, who hinted that the tract had been badly managed, evidently for the benefit of the Brousseau-Morris combine.

MADELEINE ROSNY, daughter of the owner of the chateau, the latter commonly known as "the Seigneur," also withheld even her polite courtesy to the new proprietor of St. Boniface, which again reminded the young man that he soon would have a big fight on his hands.

When Connell had been promised steady employment by Askew, with a prospect of early promotion, the foreman talked more freely, and made it quite clear that Brousseau and Morris had cheated Hilary's uncle out of many thousands of dollars, hoping the while to gain possession of the St. Boniface tract. Hilary and Connell visited

LEBLANC, St. Boniface's chief jobber, cutting on land leased from that company. Leblanc, like the rest, was hostile; said he did business with Mr. Morris. Hilary met

FATHER LUCIEN, a good-natured priest and a power among the natives, save the whisky-drinking, fist-fighting Ste. Marie gangs.

JEAN BAPTISTE, St. Boniface's scaler and time-keeper, apologized to Hilary for his surly welcome at first sight of his new employer.

CAPTAIN JULES DUPONT, owner of a lumber schooner, argued that he must perform "Mr. Morris' orders" first; his craft was already loaded with "Mr. Morris' timber."

Connell resented Hilary's interference with his proposed journey to Massachusetts to rejoin his wife and children, but when matters were explained, agreed to remain on the job. Baptiste, the time-keeper, was an honest fellow, he declared, and also should be retained. He was, and in a few days Hilary had got hold of the outlines of the company's business. Leblanc made a new contract with Hilary and the two parted on tolerable terms.

Monsieur Rosny protested when Leblanc began cutting large timber on the Rosny preserve. There had been a tacit understanding that no jobber or company cutter should molest those great trees, but there was no written and signed agreement to that effect. When Hilary assured Rosny a mistake had been made, and that no more would be cut, he was virtually ordered from the chateau by both the father and daughter. On his return to his quarters he was stopped by Ste. Marie woodmen and forced into a fierce fist fight with

BLACK PIERRE, their camp bully, but Hilary's antagonist, after a smashing contest, was knocked completely out. Old Pierre's defeat created a sensation on both tracts. Brousseau then declared war, vowing he would run Hilary out of the country before the winter was over.

This story began in No. 31, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

WAR was declared, and Hilary suspected that Brousseau was already upon the war-path when, half an hour later, he saw the buggy whirl past the office again. Madeleine Rosny had driven Brousseau from the chateau in the direction of Ste. Marie, and there was no reason why he should be returning with her unless he had already been planning mischief. The buggy crossed the bridge and proceeded up the river road.

Hilary talked the matter over with Lafe later in the day. "If we can get a good shipment out before the Gulf closes," he said, "we can carry on till spring. But of course we can't haul lumber out of the woods until there's several feet of snow on the ground."

"And that won't be till navigation's ended for the year," said Lafe.

"So I'm going to put thru the mill every cord of lumber in the river," continued Hilary. "We'll keep Dupont busy. And we'll wind up the year with a substantial balance to our credit."

"The Ste. Marie lumber," mused Lafe.

"I guess they call it so. But I believe it's all ours. We've got the whip hand of Brousseau there, because it's our mill, and Dupont's independent of Brousseau. Brousseau can't stop me using that lumber, and he daren't go to law about it."

Lafe approved the scheme, with warnings to Hilary about going slow. They went up to the dam and looked over the logs in the river. Riviere Rocheuse was packed as far as the eye could reach. The sight raised Hilary's spirits. There must be thousands of dollars' worth of lumber in between the high banks, ready to be passed thru the rossing mill for Dupont's schooner.

Lafe came to him a little later.

"The logs in the dam are going into the mill all right," he said, "but they ain't coming down-stream above it. Baptiste says there's a jam in the gorge."

They got the rig and drove to the spot. Below the gorge the logs were floating freely down Riviere Rocheuse, and the cogged gear was carrying them up to the flume. But at the gorge was a solid wall of logs, packed like the straw coverings of wine-bottles. The starting of the logs had wedged them together here.

Out in mid-stream, straddling the logs and balancing themselves above the rushing torrent the polemen were trying to start the packed masses with their gaffs. Somewhere in that wooden rampart was the key-log, dislodging which would put the whole mass in motion; but it was impossible to locate it. The face of the river was solid from side to side of the gorge to a height of twenty feet.

Above the narrows the roaring stream was bringing down more logs, swelling the barricade. If the wall gave suddenly the polemen would be swept to immediate death. Hilary decided to call them off.

They came reluctantly, for the lumberman is fearless of danger from water or tree. It was clear, however, that it would be necessary to start the mass with dynamite.

"I guess that's the trick," said Lafe. "Baptiste here is an expert dynamiter."

"Yes, that shift him quick," said Jean-Marie. "Mighty quick, maybe. I think, Mr. Askew, it is better first to make stronger your boom, or else your lumber go over the rapids into the Gulf."

"How long will it take?" asked Hilary.

"A week, maybe, for good work. That boom, he will never stand so many logs as that, Mr. Askew."

"Get a gang to work at daybreak tomorrow," Hilary instructed him.

That night Hilary congratulated himself on having started his counter-offensive against Brousseau. In spite of the man's influence in the district, he felt assured of the loyalty of the bulk of his men. Lafe was worth a hundred, and little Baptiste knew his job perfectly. He went to bed in high spirits.

He was on his way to the dam next morning when a buggy came dashing down the road toward him and pulled up sharply. Inside were Brousseau and Morris. The former seemed inarticulate with rage; he stuttered incoherently and tried to leap out when he saw Hilary, but Morris restrained him.

"Mr. Askew," said the ex-manager suavely, "you are doing the most foolish thing that you've ever done in your life. Now, are you willing to listen to reason or are you not?"

"If you mean am I willing to sell—no," said Hilary.

"That's off the mark, Mr. Askew. Mr. Brousseau wouldn't buy after the way you've treated him. It's this: You're planning to take the Ste. Marie logs, ain't you? That's theft, pure and simple. Do you suppose you can come up here and put across a trick like that?"

"I'll hold you there, Morris," answered Hilary. "Where is the lumber that Leblanc and his men cut last winter? It hasn't gone thru the mill."

"It's staked somewhere, I suppose," growled Morris. "I ain't responsible for Leblanc's way of running his business. The trouble is, Mr. Askew, you try to make your American ideas work up here, when they won't, and you don't understand conditions at all."

"I understand a rogue when I see him, whether he's American or Canadian," said Hilary hotly.

"Now, come, Mr. Askew," protested Morris suavely. "It's natural that you should feel sore when you find that your plans and ideas won't work. You thought you could run the business after the American pattern. But you can't, and you're making a hash of it. There have been misunderstandings, but Mr. Brousseau doesn't bear hard feelings——"

"The devil I don't!" yelled Brousseau, trying again to leap out of the vehicle.

"And might agree to let bygones be bygones," continued Morris, not at all disturbed by the interruption, "with all cards on the table, with a view to making a clean sweep and amalgamating the two concerns."

The words of the smooth thief were too much for Hilary.

"You cheating scamp!" he shouted, advancing upon him with an intent so manifestly hostile that Morris grabbed the whip, lashed the horse, and whirled past him, nearly knocking him down, while Brousseau, who was at any rate no coward, tried to leap out and get at Hilary. It struck Hilary as comical afterwards when he remembered Morris clinging to Brousseau and using all the weight of his fat body to keep him

"Let Me Go!" Cried the Girl, Whimpering and Struggling.
The Door Opened and Marie Dupont Stood on the Threshold.

in his seat, while he lashed the horse wildly to get into safer quarters.

But at the time Hilary could hardly keep himself from running after the buggy, while Brousseau continued shouting and catching at the reins till the vehicle was out of sight.

When it had disappeared the cold fit came upon Hilary. He was getting a reputation as a fighting man, and this was the last thing he desired.

It was not only impolitic, but it would prove fatal if ever he were attacked and injured. With such a reputation he could count on the protection of no court in the Province.

Lafe—slow, wise, far-seeing, cynical Lafe, who had warned him from the first to be cautious, shook his head when he heard of this latest exploit.

THE next morning Brousseau struck his first blow. Hilary had just ordered the rig in order to drive over to Leblanc's lease and try to stop the operations about the chateau when Leblanc appeared in the office, accompanied by four ruffians whom Hilary recognized as the sub-jobbers.

"Well, Leblanc?" asked Hilary.

"What's this I hear you make complaint about my work?" Leblanc demanded.

"You've been cutting round the chateau, Leblanc, and you'll have to stop it," said Hilary. "You knew you were not supposed to cut there."

"Ain't I got right to cut on my own lease?" demanded the jobber truculently.

"Maybe you have, but anyway you aren't going to cut round the chateau."

"You think so?" asked Leblanc insolently. "All right. You find another boss jobber. Maybe you find one in September what couldn't get a job for next winter, you are so clever. I don' know. For me, I go to work for Monsieur Morris at Ste. Marie."

"So that's your game, Leblanc! How about that contract?"

"That's all right. But if I don' pay on January first, the contract is no good. That was your words, which you wrote down. Well, I keep the lease if you like, Monsieur Askew, an' I cut where I like, or I don' pay one cent. An' these men say they go wherever I go. They won't work for you if I go, because you thrash Black Pierre. They ain't dogs, they're men, an' they got families. They don' stand for no beating with fists. Maybe you change your mind about the cutting?"

"Go to the devil!" shouted Hilary.

"Maybe you like to beat these men now, eh?" sneered Leblanc. "No? All right. You find other boss jobber an' little jobbers, Monsieur Askew."

He clapped on his hat, and, as if they had rehearsed the scene, the four ruffians followed Leblanc in solemn and triumphant parade across the floor and out of the office.

This was first blood with a vengeance. Leblanc's lease was a necessity; it meant money, and money just when his capital would be exhausted. It was essential to sub-lease the tract to some one else. But there was no one in St. Boniface capable of assuming charge of such a contract. The habitants had no heads for business and no money to invest. All that was paid out in wages flowed back to the store, owned by the Ste. Marie company, and to the Ste. Marie saloons. Ste. Marie was bleeding St. Boniface white in every way.

Filled with resentment, Hilary countermanded the order for the rig and walked up by the mill. The logs were ascending the toothed gear one by one, and the same melancholy procession, stripped snow-white, was descending from the rossing room along the flume to swell the increasing pile beside the wharf.

Hilary's nerves were raw and quivering as he reached the end of the strip of land where Rocky River pours into the Gulf below. The whistle blew, and he turned toward St. Boniface and stopped, watching the mob of men emerging from the mill.

How far could he count on them? To the last penny, perhaps, and literally. Their jobs would hold them to him in spite of Brousseau, just so long as their wages were forthcoming. Probably nine-tenths of them resented his presence in their country. His victory over Black Pierre had raised him in their estimation; they might hate him instead of despising him, but that was all. He could count on the devotion and faithfulness of perhaps one man besides Lafe Connell—little Baptiste.

The gang was hard at work below the dam, strengthening the structure of the boom. Riviere Rocheuse, pouring down from the foothills of the Laurentians, speeds with great force thru the gorge above St. Boniface, widens opposite the settlement, and, gathering its waters there, shoots straight as a dart over the broken cliff into the Gulf.

It was between this cataract and the gorge, at the wider part of the stream, that the concrete dam had been constructed, holding back the force of the river, and admitting it by degrees into the lake below, filled with logs. Beneath the lake was the wooden boom, which kept back the logs from the cataract below and diverted them up to the flume, toward the cogged chain which caught them and guided them into the flume water, which ran thru the rossing mill.

If, when the jam was broken, the pressure of the great mass of logs proved too strong for the boom, instead of passing into the flume they would pour over the cataract into the St. Lawrence, where their retrieval would be impossible. Such an accident had happened on a small scale once before. If it should happen now the logs would end all Hilary's hopes.

He was glad Baptiste had seen this. He was glad that his gang did not cease work when the whistle blew, but continued energetically upon their labors, like beavers in a lake. Hilary searched among them for the figure of the little timekeeper and general utility man, but failed to find it.

He ascended the hill beside the rushing cataract. He was crossing the waste land where the logs and tin cans were strewn when he saw Jean-Marie. The little man was engaged in earnest conversation with Black Pierre behind a shed in which were kept a spare buggy and a few sets of harness. Black Pierre seemed to be protesting vigorously.

The presence of the man beside Baptiste came to Hilary with a shock. Without changing his pace he advanced toward them, in his mind, repeating Lafe's advice over and over.

He was still inwardly quivering, yet trying to appear unconcerned, when the two perceived him. Pierre turned toward him with a scowl on his bruised face. His eyes were blackened, and he looked the incarnation of malignancy.

He spoke to Baptiste quickly, and, to Hilary's surprise Baptiste, without acknowledging his presence, walked slowly away with him. Baptiste's sudden departure puzzled Hilary a good deal at the time, and much more afterward.

CHAPTER VIII.
MARIE DUPONT.

LAFE was as despondent as Hilary over Leblanc's treachery. Hilary had only one cause for satisfaction in the situation, and that was a purely personal one. He was glad that Leblanc's cancellation of the contract had at least left the chateau grounds immune, and so had neutralized Brousseau's first move in the campaign.

He was conscious that Madeleine Rosny had come to play a part in his life that was not warranted by the relations between them. He had seen her three or four times only, and their single interview had been a painful one. Yet the girl obsessed his mind, and Hilary could not free himself from the obsession.

He thought the matter over, and was frank enough to admit that he did not want to. He acknowledged, too, that he would have given a good deal to remove the opinion that she had formed of him. He could not see himself in the light of a greedy monopolist, when the whole adventure of the St. Boniface timber rights was a proposition of the most desperately sporting character.

What galled him was the reflection that in this fight which Brousseau had thrust upon him he was fighting Madeleine, too. He shrank from the thought of Madeleine Rosny as Brousseau's wife; he tried to think of her as sacrificing herself for her father's sake. But this picture would not hold together; she was most evidently acquainted with Brousseau's designs, and approved of them.

On the day after the interview with Leblanc a new development occurred. Lafe, who had been grumbling all day, came into the office and flung down his hat in utter dejection.

"Something new?" asked Hilary.

"There's talk of a strike," said Lafe in disgust. "Brousseau has had his men at work among 'em, and they're saying that you're keeping wages down, and that Brousseau would give two dollars a day if you would. There's a lot of talk going on just now, Mr. Askew."

"He wants to get into my capital, eh?"

"Its just one way of hitting us. I tell you, Mr. Askew, it's a tough job we've taken on. You know these men ain't got sense. They're just like children, Mr. Askew. Simeon Duval has been handing out free drinks in that shebeen of his at Ste. Marie, and telling them what a hard master you are, and they're just swallowing it."

"We'll face that trouble when it develops," answered Hilary.

But Hilary did some hard thinking, and it settled about Dupont. If Brousseau could buy out Dupont he was finished, he could never get a lumber schooner that year, and he must get out some shipments before navigation closed. He decided to appeal to Father Lucien to help him out of this difficulty.

But Father Lucien forestalled him with a visit that evening. He was agreeably surprised by the warmth of his welcome, heard Hilary attentively, and at once volunteered to assist him. "But there will be no trouble, Monsieur," he said. "Captain Dupont is independent, and he does not love the Ste. Marie people.

"I must apologize," he continued, as they strolled along the beach together, "that I have not called to see you before, Monsieur Askew. But we are both busy, you with your wood, and I with my people. So that is excused?"

"Certainly. But I am very glad to see you at all times, Father Lucien," said Hilary. "And, to be frank, I was going to have a talk with you later about certain things that are objectionable—the liquor trade, for instance."

Father Lucien stopped and thumped his stick upon the chipstrewn sand.

"Now that is exactly what was in my mind when I started out to see you today, Monsieur Askew," he answered. "They are bad people over at Ste. Marie, and they are making St. Boniface as bad as they are. They laugh at me when I speak to them. It is bad; but it canot go on. Monsieur Askew, as I said to you the day I see you, I 'ope we shall be friens. Now I know we shall at least keep the brandy out of St. Boniface."

They stopped and shook hands upon their compact, and then went on together, past the straggling outskirts of the village, beyond the wharf, until they reached Dupont's cottage.

It was well-timbered, and superior in aspect to most of the St. Boniface homes. There were pots of geraniums in the space between the double windows, which were nailed up all the year round. A fishing net was drying upon the shingle. Behind them the lights of St. Boniface had begun to twinkle, tho the west was still red.

The cure tapped at the door. Within Hilary could hear the murmur of voices, which suddenly ceased. Then there came the splutter of a match, and the flame of a lamp. Hilary saw a girl's figure in silhouette against the shade.

It was that of Marie Dupont, the captain's daughter, and Hilary remembered that there was some mystery about her; he had seen her going her solitary way about the village, ignored by all and ignoring all.

At the same time he saw another figure slinking away into the shadows of the pines. Father Lucien saw it too, and darted forward and caught it by the arm, and drew it toward the beach.

It was a girl about four and twenty, with a foolish weak face and gaudy finery.

"Nanette Bonnat," said the cure very sternly, "how often have I forbidden thee to come here?"

The girl began to cry and tried to twist herself out of Father Lucien's grasp, but he held her by the wrists tightly.

"Is it because thy soul is lost thou must have others to keep thee company in hell?" the cure thundered.

"Let me go!" cried the gril, whimpering and struggling.

The door opened and Marie Dupont stood on the threshold. The flickering light of the lamp within fell on her face, illuminating one side and leaving the other half in shadow. The face was pretty, but sad, embittered, and rather

"I've Come to Have a Look at You, Simeon," Said Hilary.

hard. The cure, still holding Nanette by the arms, turned toward Marie.

"So my instructions count for nothing!" he said angrily.

"Well, why should she not come here, Monsieur Tessier?" demanded Marie Dupont. "Have I so many friends in St. Boniface that I should turn from those few I have? In Ste. Marie they are glad to see me. Is it so wrong that I should go there with my friend to dance sometimes, when the doors of St. Boniface are closed to me?"

The ringing scorn in her voice was characteristic of some latent strength; she seemed to Hilary like one who has been hammered into strength upon the anvil of life.

"If thy father knew this," the cure answered, "he would close his doors upon thee. And would Ste. Marie recompense thee then?"

Marie was silent; she looked at the priest in fear. Father Lucien released Nanette.

"There, run along," he said, with pity in his voice. "Do not come here again, Nanette." He made a swift sign over her. "God be with thee, Nanette," he said gently.

The girl fled from him, sobbing, and Hilary could hear her sobs after she had been hidden by the pines.

"Where is thy father?" asked the cure.

"He has gone to the store," faltered the girl. "Monsieur Tessier——"

"I shall say nothing," answered Father Lucien. "But do not let this happen again. Marie," he continued, "thou hast won the love of a good man."

Her face hardened, and she looked sullenly at the priest.

"A girl should think long before refusing a good man who loves her."

She cast her eyes down; and there was the incarnation of rebellious stubbornness in the rigid figure.

THE captain's steps were heard, crushing the wood chips into the shingle. The old man came quickly forward into the arc of lamplight; quickly, as if he feared the realization of some terror gnawing at his heart. For a moment Hilary saw the pale grey eyes fixed with the same menace upon his own. Then Dupont knew him.

"Bonsoir, Monsieur Askew," he said, extending his hand.

He opened the cottage door, but the cure did not enter.

"Captain Dupont," he said, "there has been trouble between Monsieur Askew here and Monsieur Morris."

"I have heard of it," replied the Captain.

He had only just arrived, but the gossips in the store had broached the absorbing topic without loss of time.

"Ask him if he is willing to accept his orders from me," said Hilary.

The cure translated, and the captain answered him, stroking his gray beard and speaking with slow emphasis.

"It is all right," said Father Lucien finally. "Captain Dupont takes his freight where he finds it. He takes from your company in accordance with his contract. He will not break it. If Brosseau refuses him freight he can pick up all he needs on the south shore. You can rely on him."

Hilary felt deeply satisfied. If the captain was staunch, not Morris nor Brousseau nor all his men should prevent him from getting out a record cutting before navigation closed.

He had talked the matter over with Lafe. While it would be impossible for the teams to snake the logs thru the woods until the snow lay deep, it had seemed to them perfectly feasible to cut along the east bank of Rocky River and dump the logs into the stream, to be conveyed to the mill. Rocky River was always full, there was no need to wait for the spring freshets, and the one dam at the gorge insured a swift flow just where the logs were apt to stand.

"Tell Dupont we'll keep him busy," Hilary said.

When he was with Father Lucien upon their homeward way he asked a question about a matter that had puzzled him.

"Why does Dupont look at me as if I were his mortal enemy?" he asked.

"Ah, Monsieur Askew," said the cure, stopping to thump his stick upon the shingle, "there is a story there. So he looks at every man when first he meets him. He fears for the girl Marie—and unfortunately he is right in his fears. For she has her mother's nature.

"It was many years ago, nearly twenty, I think, and before I came here, when Captain Jules Dupont was a fisherman in St. Boniface. He was married to Marie Letellier, who was much younger than he, and gay and thoughtless. People said it was an ill-made match but she loved him, and they were happy.

"When he left his young bride to go sailing off Newfoundland the tongues wagged, but he trusted her, and when he returned there was the child Marie, and a warm welcome. So three years passed.

"When Jules Dupont returned the fourth year his wife was gone. With whom? Nobody knew. I know more than any one in St. Boniface, but I never knew. Some wanderer from the south shore; and six months later she was back with the child, pleading forgiveness. He sheltered her until her death soon afterward. Since then his fear has been that Marie will have inherited the mother's nature. He never makes a voyage but he returns in fear and haste. And he wishes her to marry Jean-Marie Baptiste, who loves her—but you have seen tonight to what her mind is turning.

"The women recall her mother's fate, and their dislike has made her secretive and solitary. And it is lonely here, and Ste. Marie so near. How should she know the evil there under the merriment? It poisons the countryside, and my authority is for them to mock at—Simeon Duval, and his brother Louis, and all that crew.

"There is no evil liver along either shore but knows that when he is in money he can find a welcome at Ste. Marie. There is no liquor license anywhere in the county, and yet every house there has its keg of gin or brandy. There is hardly a fishing boat but carries its liquor cargo across the gulf, from the south shore distilleries.

"Monsieur Askew, you saw the girl Nanette. She is from St. Joseph, of decent parents, who mourn for her. She was lured from her home to Ste. Marie, and I have fears that some one is using her as a tool to get the girl Marie Dupont into his clutches. But what can I do save watch and wait?

"Therefore, Monsieur Askew," continued Father Lucien, much agitated, "I implore you to prevent this evil from spreading to St. Boniface. It is Brosseau who debauches those poor people there. It is he who is responsible for all this evil. He cares nothing for the people so long as he wields their votes for his creature in the Parliament at Quebec. And this, Monsieur, was chiefly the cause of my visit to you tonight, to urge you to keep the brandy and the dance halls out of St. Boniface, for I hear it being said that one of the Duvals boasts he will open a dance hall there."

"No brandy shall be sold on the St. Boniface property, Father Lucien."

"I am glad, Monsieur," answered the cure. "But Simeon Duval and his brother Louis boast of Brousseau's protection, and they are dangerous men. You see, Monsieur Askew, when Monsieur Morris was in charge here it was agreed between him and Brousseau that the dance halls and liquor shops should remain in Ste. Marie. Now, they say, the agreement ends, and St. Boniface shall become as Ste. Marie."

"For the benefit of Brousseau's pocket?"

"I do not say that, Monsieur Askew. I will not let myself believe that. But it is thru Pierre and the Duvals that he keeps his hold on the people. They are his go-betweens; they do his dirty work, and he allows them to do work such as you have seen tonight."

"You have my promise," said Hilary, "that they shall not sell liquor in St. Boniface. And by heaven I'll smash any man who tries to corrupt my people!" he added, with a vehemence that surprised himself.

Hilary slept poorly that night. Trouble seemed to be thickening about him. He thought despondently of Morris' warning, which was, indeed, almost the echo of Lamartine's. Had he, indeed, the power to handle these wild people whose very tongue he could hardly understand?

Then, out of the darkness, there rose, in vivid portrayal, the face of Madeleine Rosny. He admitted now how much she meant to him, enough to make any venture worth the while. He thought of their last meeting; and in spite of it he dared to dream of a happier one to come.

Before he fell asleep he had decided to go to Quebec and try to secure some jobber to take over Leblanc's lease. At the same time he would look up the land records and get an accurate idea of the extent of the Rosny seigniory.

CHAPTER IX.

MADELEINE PROPOSES TERMS.

CHARACTERISTICALLY, he put his plan into practice two days later, when the down boat arrived, instructing Lafe to hold up the dynamiting till his return. Lafe saw him off, and he had hardly arrived on board before discovering that Morris had embarked at Ste. Marie. Hilary suspected him of having learned of his plan and spying on him. The two men eyed each other, but did not speak. Morris carried a small bag, from which he was continually extracting papers which he read with ostentatious absorption; this confirmed Hilary in his suspicions.

Hilary put up at the Frontenac, and, having business with the customs office with reference to a shipment of machinery, a small matter requiring a refund, he called there, and was disgusted to see Morris coming out of the revenue department in conversation with the assistant chief. As he went down the corridor he was conscious that the men were watching him and, he thought, speaking about him.

He failed entirely in his attempts to get a jobber to sublease Leblanc's tract. There were plenty of small men willing to do so on the instalment system, but none willing to risk an immediate investment on a territory with such a reputation as St. Boniface had unjustly acquired. Many of them laughed at Hilary, and asked him if he thought they did not know fir from spruce.

The most promising of all turned him down for another reason.

"I know the Rosny limits well," he said. "I looked it over myself. That fir story is a lie, and I'd have bought the rights if your uncle hadn't done so. It's a good property, but I couldn't get men to work there."

"What is the reason?" asked Hilary.

"Yourself," said the jobber bluntly. "You see, Mr. Askew, men won't stand for ill-treatment and violence. You thrashed a man out of his senses because he had cut a few trees just over your line in an unsurveyed district."

Hilary hotly denied the story and attempted to explain the matter, but fruitlessly.

"Of course, I don't dispute your word," the jobber answered. "Most likely it is a put-up game, by the parties that spread that fir story. But it's a boss' reputation that counts, and if he's got a bad one it's a job to right it. You have the reputation of being too handy with your fists and every lumberman on the north shore knows it."

Hilary withdrew in chagrin. He knew he had to thank Morris for the lie. However, there was another surprise in store for him. He was in the smoking-room after dinner, watching the crowds upon the Terrace thru the window, and feeling thoroly discouraged, when he was paged, and the boy brought Lamartine's card, which was followed by the notary himself.

"Well, Mr. Askew, so you have seen the seigniory. What do you think?" he asked.

"I think your statement about the timber was a lie, Lamartine," said Hilary, reddening.

The notary was not disturbed. "I understood you had come to the conclusion that it was worth developing," he answered. "I took my judgment from Mr. Morris. I am not a timber expert."

Hilary felt baffled; Lamartine could not have been more plausible.

"Of course I must now resign my position as your adviser," continued the notary, with an intonation of suave irony. "In fact, Mr. Askew, I have already done so and accepted that of adviser to Monsieur Brousseau. Does that fact forbid my mentioning that you have acted in an insane manner?"

"By no means," answered Hilary pleasantly.

"You declined my advice," Lamartine pursued. "You went up to St. Boniface alone and discharged Mr. Morris, who is the best judge of timber in the Province. You thrashed an employe, threatened Mr. Morris himself with violence after making reflection upon his honesty, alienated Monsieur Brousseau, who is a power in northern Quebec, and finally seized Monsieur Brousseau's lumber. Furthermore, you are to be defendant in a suit for damages."

HILARY gulped. All he could think of was to dash his fist into the fox face in front of him. He seemed constantly urged to physical violence; and yet, before he came to Quebec, he had never struck a man in his life.

"You will understand, Mr. Askew," purred Lamartine, "that in this country property rights are respected. You cannot take a man's lumber and coolly keep it for your own. Monsieur Brousseau's suit is for a hundred thousand dollars. However, I am authorized to make you an alternative proposition, which I earnestly advise you to accept. Monsieur Brousseau is willing to drop his suit if you give back the lumber and agree to accept thirty thousand dollars for your full rights."

Hilary rose. "Monsieur Lamartine, I decline your offer," he said. "And I do not wish to receive any more such offers. I shall work the St. Boniface tract as long as I am able to do. When I can't I shall stop working it. But Brousseau will never get it."

"Why not?" inquired the notary bluntly.

And Hilary could not answer. He thought of Ste. Marie and the spreading plague-sore that threatened St. Boniface, but he knew this was not the principal cause of his refusal. Nor was it pride entirely. And he knew then. It was because of Madeleine Rosny. He was in love with her, another man's fiancee.

He raised his head, to meet the notary's quizzical eyes.

"You shall have no more such offers," said Lamartine, "and henceforward it is war to the knife between yourself and my client."

Which was franker than Lamartine had ever been since he set up his sign in the Lower Town.

"I accept that offer," said Hilary, smiling. "But your threat of a suit is a bluff and doesn't worry me. Lamartine, your client is the biggest thief northeast of the Saguenay—and maybe southwest of it as well," he added.

Later that evening, just before it was dark, Hilary saw Morris and Lamartine walking upon the Terrace arm in arm. He was sure then that Morris had dogged him to Quebec. He felt that even the visit to the revenue department had some reference to himself. He was in a miserable condition of suspicion, wondering where the next blow would fall.

He returned to St. Boniface next day with only one thing accomplished. He had seen the land map and ascertained that the upper reaches of Rocky River had been surveyed, and that the creek was wholly on his own land. He found, too, with some surprise, that the large island out in the Gulf was part of the Rosny domain. It had not appeared on Morris' rough map.

Lafe, who met him at the wharf, looked worried.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, as they drove to the mill together. "Things were pretty bad on Saturday night."

"They're striking?"

"No, Mr. Askew. That's the brightest point in the situation. MacPherson, the foreman, tells me that it's called off. Brousseau's dropped that maneuver, for some reason of his own."

"What's the trouble, then?"

"I guess Brousseau's off on another tack, Mr. Askew. All the hands was over to Ste. Marie on Saturday night by special invitation from Simeon Duval, who owns the biggest dance hall there. There was free drinks for everybody, and the whole place was in an uproar till Sunday morning. Not a stroke of work has been done here till yesterday, which means a four-day week. The men are only just sobering up now.

"However, that ain't the worst by a long sight. It's a sort of open secret that they're going to open up St. Boniface wide, and Simeon's——"

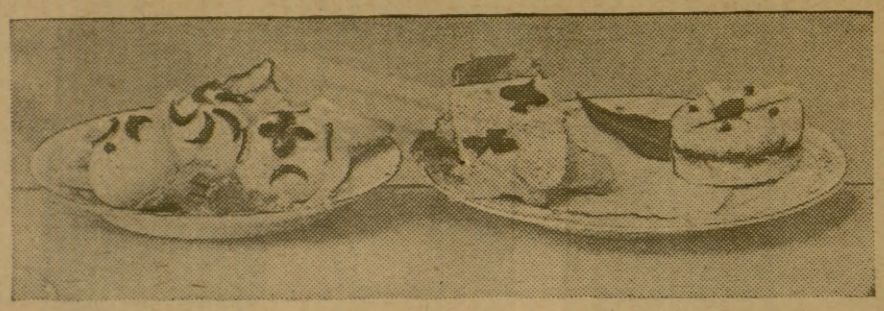
"You mean Simeon has dared to start one of his hells here while I was away?" cried Hilary angrily.

"Not yet," said Lafe. "There ain't no more liquor being sold here than usual—yet. Of course you can't stamp out those little fellows along the road who

(Continued on Page 17.)

Whetting the Appetite—No. 3

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures



Stuffed Eggs.

PUT eggs into a dish of cold water, and bring the water just to the boiling point. Cover the dish closely, turn the heat lower, and let stand for twenty minutes, not allowing to boil, cooking the eggs hard. Cut the hard cooked eggs in halves, lengthwise. Remove the yolks and put the whites aside in pairs. Mash the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoons of ground, or finely chopped veal, and one tablespoon of finely chopped pickle. Moisten the mixture with mayonnaise dressing, and refill the whites with the mixture. Match the egg whites that were put aside in pairs, and garnish the eggs with fancy shapes cut from sweet green pepper. These strips will adhere to the egg if they are first dipped in a little gelatine that has just started to thicken and will no longer run.

Fancy Egg or Ham Sandwiches.

Chop finely the whites of hard-cooked eggs; force the yolks thru a strainer or potato ricer. Mix the yolks and the whites; season with salt and pepper to taste, and moisten with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Spread the mixture between thin slices of buttered bread. The crusts are removed from the bread. A plain slice of buttered bread is placed on top of the slice covered with egg filling. The tops of the sandwiches are garnished with fancy shapes cut from cooked young beets, and the whites of hard-cooked eggs. The round sandwich (illustrated) is prepared and decorated in the same way as the egg sandwich, using ground, boiled ham moistened with salad dressing as a filling.

A Page for the Woman in the Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

ZOUNDS! Boom! Dash! Dash-boom-zounds! And the work was finished in sixty minutes. But that's getting ahead of my story.

At any rate, I didn't dream it would be Esther who would be using this system! Esther always used to contend that anger had no legitimate place in the world's work or play, let alone the world's therapeutics or science of curing ills. Esther was known for her perfect placidity, her unruffled calm, her complacent undisturbedness. Esther went her smooth, and rather slow, gait and had done so for four years. She had had a bit of a struggle in squelching all the angry little impulses, but at last they were squelched, and there never was such an "even tenor" as that of Esther's way. We were in college then. We would give ourselves until 7 o'clock—the eight of us—to get our lessons in, and then—zoom! off we would hie, gathering ourselves in a regular circuit, gathering as a snowball. Esther was at the end of the line and so the seven of us would descend upon her. But, alas! We would always find Esther in the middle of her floor not half finished with her stuff. Of course we grabbed her up and while the four young men strummed their ukuleles, we three girls chanted songs of conquest to Esther, who always laughed bewilderedly. But after our little stunt of the evening was over and 9:30 saw us escorted back to the "dorm," Esther would stay up until 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, getting her lessons done.

Well, do you know how it ended? Esther had a nervous breakdown. Esther, of all people, with a nervous breakdown! Esther, the calm! Esther, whom we thought hadn't "a nerve in her body!" You see, the nerves had been squelched for so long that they rebelled. She kept the outside calm but it wrecked havoc inside.

I don't know what turned the trick. I know the doctor didn't tell her. I think she must have felt it instinctively. But one day I nearly fainted, for I saw Esther slam a book on the table. It was after her convalescence and she was back at school again. We had come from class and she had come into my room for a bit. "This stuff gets me angry!" she said, and she slammed her book on the table. Imagine! Slammed it!

That night, as of yore, we seven descended upon Es. We were out for our 7 till 9:30 revel and we expected to lift Esther by the arms, jab on her cap and sail out with her. But she held us off with a warning hand.

"Stay by the postern gate," she said—which meant the wall—"and count five minutes off."

We did. We saw Esther scribble away on some theme with a vengeance, grabbing a book here and a book there for some references, jabbing them open, fairly tearing their leaves apart, slamming them shut, and scribbling. In four and one-half minutes she threw the theme into the air.

"Finished," she cried. "Oh—joy, it's finished!"

Now Esther has had the good sense and good taste not to go to the other extreme and let her anger, or we'll say, her dynamic forces run away with her. Like a waterfall, she dams up and makes them run in the channels she wishes, and utilizes them. She rules them. She does not stop them, for they serve her. But she is their master.

For these dynamic forces that we sometimes call anger, are supplied by our glandular system and have tremendous power. Persons and animals are much stronger in anger than otherwise. When called upon, these glands pour a fluid into the bloodstream and the nerves and muscles re-act accordingly. It is special provender for special circumstances, and to call upon the nerves and muscles without the aid of this glandular secretion is to expect too much of them. They will go back upon one just as Esther's did.

* * *

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Prunes
Cereal and Cream
Corn Oysters Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Veal Cutlet Potatoes
String Beans
Blackberry Pudding

SUPPER.

Curried Rice
Tomato Salad
Toasted Saltines Tea

Corn Oysters.

Grate raw corn from cobs. To one pint corn pulp add two well beaten eggs, one-quarter cup flour, season highly with salt and pepper. Drop by spoonfuls and fry in deep fat, or cook on hot, well-greased griddle. Should be made about size of large oysters.

Curried Rice.

1 cup rice
2 qts. boiling water
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 cup White sauce

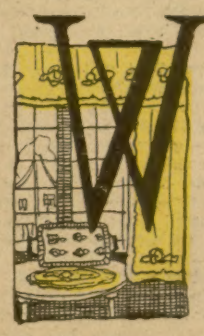
Dissolve the curry powder and combine with the white sauce; add more salt if necessary, and pour over the drained rice.

Blackberry Pudding.

In a deep, buttered pudding dish place a thick layer of blackberries, slightly sweetened. Over the berries pour a batter composed of one cup milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, one egg, one cup sugar and two cups flour. Bake, turn from the dish, with fruit on top, and serve with sweetened cream or spice sauce.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

PUTTING THINGS IN PLACE



WHEN you come to think of it that way a very large share of the housewife's task consists of keeping and putting things in their proper places.

Washing dishes and clearing up after a meal is nothing in the world but this. The remnants of the meal must either be thrown away or put in the refrigerator or food cupboard for future use. They must be put in their proper places. The traces of the meal must be washed from the dishes and sent down the drain pipe in a flood of hot water and soap, and the dishes, clean and dry, must be put on the shelf, their proper place when not used for a meal.

Bed making consists of putting things in their proper places. The proper place for bed things in the day time is laid smoothly on the bed. Rooms must be "picked up," soiled clothes must be put into laundry baskets, shoes must be replaced in shoe boxes or closets. waste paper baskets must be emptied—all part of the same general process.

Decidedly the housewife's task is simplified if she has proper places for everything and if these places are easy to get at. Having things out of place means bad housekeeping. Having to keep things in place when there are not suitable places to put them means very difficult housekeeping.

For this reason it is important in your kitchen to have a convenient and accessible place for garbage, for soap, soiled towels and clean towels. Your shelves must be extensive enough so that all your dishes can be put away without having to fit them in like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle.

There should be room on your linen shelves so that different sorts of linen, sheets, pillow cases, towels, bed spreads, etc., can all lie in separate piles. These things save time and mental strain.

Stop and think it over. Have you the right places to keep things? Often a very little money expended will provide better places. Often it is possible to put shelves up here and there that will repay you ten fold for the amount of money expended on them.

To Clean Nickel Clocks.

THE cheap nickel clock is often considered worn out when it is only in need of a little cleaning, which can be done by the housewife. The back should be unscrewed and the works taken out. Dip the latter in naptha and the works will speedily be restored to good service, unless something is radically wrong with the clock.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

ASKING FOR THINGS

THE other day a man and his wife sat down for breakfast at an inexpensive restaurant. Their waitress had nine other people to wait on.

"We're in a hurry," said the man gruffly. "We've only got ten minutes."

"She's a surly thing," commented the wife as soon as the waitress, whom she had hardly looked at, had started off for the order.

"Well, if she were any good, she wouldn't be working here," commented the man, "She'd be married."

Perhaps the waitress heard. At least the man and his wife took no pains to prevent their conversation being heard. If she did it seemed not to disturb her. In spite of this and the fact that the breakfasters sent the sausages back because they had gravy on them and said the pancakes weren't done, the waitress gave them pretty good attention.

Of course these people were very badly bred. They didn't have even superficial courtesy. If they had they would have kept their confidential opinion as to the merits of the waitress to themselves and for the sake of good breeding and good service if for nothing else they would have told the waitress that they were in a hurry in a more conciliatory way.

The more breeding a person possesses, usually, the more willing he is to speak with courtesy to persons whom he imagines beneath him. Never think that you gain distinction or the reputation for importance by speaking to waiters, sales people and servants in a curt, short manner.

What Readers Ask.

"Should asparagus be eaten with a fork or may each stalk be lifted with the fingers?"

There is nothing actually in bad form about eating asparagus by lifting the stalks with the fingers. That is, some very well bred persons eat it this way. However, you will be on the safer side always to eat it with the fork.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

VICTORIA

THE regal name Victoria has a fitting origin, since it comes from the Latin Vinco, meaning "To Conquer."

Vincentius was an early masculine name borne by two characters of the Tenth Persecution, and later by one of the great Ecclesiastical authors at Lerius in Provence. Vincente Ferier aud Vincente de St. Paul added honors to the name, but it was Victor, the past participle, which gave rise to Vittore in Italy.

The first Victoria was a Roman virgin martyred in the Decian Persecution, from whose name came the Italian Vittoria, borne by the admiral's daughter of the colonne from whom France and Germany seem to have learned it, since after her time. Victoire and Victorine became common in France. From Germany direct came Victoria, which is considered the national name.

Queen Victoria of England and the justly famous "Victorian age" give rise to the many cities named Victoria which sprang up under the wide sweep of English rule. Queen Victoria of Spain adds one more claim to the regality of the name.

It is fitting that the ruby, king of precious stones, should be the jewel assigned as Victoria's own. Its inextinguishable flame, as suggested by its color, asserts that its inner fire cannot be quenched. It is said to preserve the mental and bodily health of its wearer, remove evil thoughts, control high temper, reconcile disputes and dispel pestilential infection. To dream of rubies signifies unexpected guests. Friday is Victoria's lucky day, and three her lucky number.

Wordsworth translated from the Italian of Michael Angelo a charming poem to Vittoria:

"Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefor hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts."

Next Week: CECELIA. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 10, 11 and 26

Concluding the Chicago Mystery Story

The Voice on the Wire

By Henry Treadway Bythe

What Has Gone Before—Read It and Finish the Story

JAMES CALTHORPE, traveling salesman for the Roger Pelton wholesale candy house, returned to Chicago and boarded a street car for his north side abode, a boarding-house of the better class. On reaching his apartment he found that he had another traveler's satchel, a bag very like his own. Inside of the bag he found a human skull. In the back of it was a spot where, in some old surgical operation, a portion of the bone, about an inch or so in diameter, had been cut away and a shining silver disc inserted. Directly below the metal plate was a small clean-cut bullet hole. The disc bore this inscription: "Prior 82, 9-17-96."

Prior, it developed later, was the surgeon's name; it was his eighty-second operation of that nature; 9-17-96 was the date of the operation. The patient, he told Calthorpe, was one Philip Walmsly, aged 21 at the time, who had taken a header from a high bicycle. The surgeon's fee was paid by the Rev. Peter Walmsly.

When Calthorpe received an urgent request by telephone from the Rev. Duncan Craig, that he kindly deliver the bag to number 1820 Lake Shore Drive, that night, and thereby confer a very great favor, Calthorpe started out to comply, altho the hour was about 1 o'clock a. m. In the vestibule of the house he was attacked and knocked unconscious by a scar-faced Chinaman, the same who earlier in the evening had accosted him on the street and asked for a match. When he recovered his senses the satchel and the Chinaman were gone.

Calthorpe told his story to the police and to John Barr, his intimate friend and benefactor. Next day he received a brief letter from Doris Pelton, his employer's daughter, stating that her father was acting strangely and had forbidden their marriage. A morning paper announced that the Rev. Peter Walmsly had been killed in a railroad accident. At his home the reverend's safe was found cracked and a black leather traveling-bag known to have been in it was taken by the burglar-cracksman.

Some one phoned Roger Pelton that Philip Walmsly's skull would be delivered to him on payment of ten thousand dollars. Calthorpe, who was at the Pelton home, took the message and, for reasons of his own, agreed to the strange proposition, only to find Roger Pelton standing at his side when he hung up the receiver.

CHAPTER IX.

PELTON'S UNUSUAL STORY.

FOR a moment he stared toward me, seemingly pondering over the question of whether he should speak or not. As for myself, I said nothing, since I had been caught squarely in the act of pretending that I was some one else. Finally he raised his hand and beckoned to me.

"Come, Jim, into the library. I've something I want to tell you—something that may explain a good deal of what has happened in the last two days."

Wonderingly, I made my way past the door which he held open for me, and into the library. There I dropped into an easy chair which sat near the lamp. Without a word he closed the door, turned the key in the lock, and took possession of another chair near me. After a short silence, he spoke.

"Jim, a man's sins find him out—always and ever—they can't be escaped."

"So I've heard," I replied, in the absence of any definite ideas for conversation.

"I've called you in tonight, Jim, to explain why you can't marry Doris. And when I've finished, you won't want to marry her."

I half rose from my chair. "Why, Mr. Pelton, nothing could ever come between her and——"

"Don't talk," he interrupted me, "until you hear all I've got to tell you. I'm going to ask you to go back, Jim, in your imagination—for twenty years. Try and picture, if you can, two young fellows in love with the same girl, Doris' mother. Just the old eternal triangle, that's all." He stopped a moment and a tender light came into his eyes. "One of these two young men, Jim, was named Phil Walmsly—and the other was myself. Phil was cashier of the Berkley State Bank, still in existence in this city; I was employed by an American importing firm which imported Oriental goods.

"I'm going to describe, presently, an ugly situation. Your feelings toward me, when I'm done, will be feelings of revulsion. But I've got to talk to some one, Jim, or go under—mentally. I'll go ahead the best I can—and then—that's the terrible question for me, what then?

"Now Phil and I, in spite of our infatuation with the same girl, always maintained the close friendship of our boyhood—a fast friendship, yet tinged with a trace of bitterness on account of the triangle. For this reason we managed each summer to take our vacation together—usually in some sort of a canoeing trip or camping trip—or both.

"In July of 1901 the two of us started on our annual camping trip, going to a lonely point in the woods of Northern Michigan, seven or eight miles from the town of Rapid River. We had all the usual camping implements; in fact, we couldn't have been more completely outfitted for we had rifles, axes, lanters, sleeping bags, cooking utensils, and an immense sixteen foot canoe which we had rented from an Indian.

"On our second day out, we went in swimming. It happened, Jim, that we put all our clothes—including our chamois-skin money belts—together in one pile. A half hour later we came out and dressed, but, in some way or other, we must have gotten each other's money belt. Ten minutes afterward, when I was off in the woods regaining an axe which we had left there, I took occasion to look over my money. Instead of having forty-five dollars in my belt, I found exactly ten thousand—all in five-hundred dollar bills. In a bare second, the whole explanation came to me. Phil must have been short in his accounts at the bank and was preparing to skip—together with more of the bank's funds.

"We were working hard, preparing to move our camp several miles up the river. As we loaded our things into the canoe, I could see by Phil's calm actions that he had not yet discovered the accidental exchange of our money belts.

"A quarter of an hour later, when we were paddling up the river—Phil sitting in the prow of the boat and I sitting in the stern—my eye happened to fall on my loaded rifle at my feet. It seems to me now, Jim, when I look back on it, that a mad, insane impulse must have seized me. It came over me with a rush that if a bullet should be sent in the back of Phil's head, I would have ten thousand dollars—as well as a clear field for the hand of Doris' mother. Hypnotized by the thought, I raised my rifle, took careful aim at the back of his head, and fired. Crack! It must have taken him squarely, Jim, for he tumbled like a log over the side of the canoe, whirled around a moment in the rapids, and then was swept downstream. Horror stricken, I realized for the first time what I had done. I could see his body bobbing up and down; then, carried around a bend in the river, it disappeared.

"Instantly, I tossed my rifle into the river. I leaned over and capsized the canoe, losing tents, implements, and everything. After a moment's swimming, I emerged on the bank. Dripping wet, I made my way to a lumber camp and got dry clothing. The story I told there, I adhered to ever after. The canoe had capsized. Phil had gone down. I had made the shore with the greatest of difficulty.

"Next day I returned to Chicago. My story, as I just described, was accepted by every one. But, a week later, a special sealed package in the vault of the Berkely State Bank—a package that was supposed to contain thirty thousand dollars in five-hundred dollar bills—was opened by the man who now had Phil's place. It was found, Jim, to contain nothing but strips of brown wrapping paper.

"Well, boy, I tried the best I could to blot out of my mind that I had murdered my friend. Sometimes it recurred to me, but I managed always to forget in some way or other—usually by hard work. And then, too, I had Doris' mother—my wife—and later, little Doris herself.

"Time went on, Jim, Phil's body was never found, having probably been swept into some underbrush. After a time I left the importing firm and went into the retail confectionery business. From this point I branched out—for you see, Jim, I had that ten thousand dollars as capital—and finally became a candy manufacturer. Then, four years later, Doris' mother died. That was a terrible blow to me.

"Several days ago, I went over to the rectory of Peter Walmsly to see him in regard to his request that I give a minor position in the candy factory to a young fellow in his parish. I had known him, you see, all those years, since he was Phil's brother. At any rate, it happened that he was out, so the woman who takes care of his rooms asked me to wait in his study for a while. I did so. Finally, however, I became tired of the delay, so I crossed over to his desk, took a blank sheet of paper, and commenced writing out an order on the foreman to put this young fellow to work. Peeping out from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk was a letter which, strange as it seemed to me, bore the postmark: "Rapid River, Michigan." Jim, you can't imagine the feeling that swept over me on seeing the name of that town near which I had put an end to Phil's life.

"Immediately, I scented danger to myself. The study was deserted. So I quickly drew forth the letter—and what did it read? It proved to be from some Englishman who signed himself Milo Payne. He stated in the communication that he had been hunting in the North Woods, near Rapid River, Michigan, on a tour of the States; that he had come across a skeleton comprising among other things a trepanned skull with a bullet hole in the back part of the cranium and the original bullet still rattling in the brain cavity; that he had found close by the skeleton, a notebook well wrapped in oil skin; that in this note book he had come across the name of Philip Walmsly and a notice that Peter Walmsly of St. Anne's Church should be notified in case of accident. He went on to say, Jim, that it seemed to him like direct evidence of foul play, and that if the Rev. Peter Walmsly would bring a satchel to the Palmer House on the following Monday night, at which time he, Milo Payne, would be in Chicago, the skull, bullet and notebook would be turned over.

"You see now, Jim, what I meant when I told you that a man's sins find him out, sooner or later? There, after twenty years, was the proof that Phil had been shot in the back of the head—and not merely drowned as I had reported.

"Hypnotized by the Thought, I Raised My Rifle, Took Careful Aim at the Back of His Head, and Fired."

"I REPLACED the letter exactly as I found it and got out of there at once, coming straight home to where I could think in quietness. From my knowledge of Peter Walmsly's stern character, I knew that I would be in jail inside of a week, indicted for murder, if that proof ever reached his hands. And, Jim, it was proof that would convince any jury in the land, for, away back in the year 1896, Phil had been subjected to an operation on his head. In that operation, his skull had been trepanned; that is—a numbered and dated silver plate had been wedged in the operative opening and the scalp sewn together over that place. And I knew, too, that the surgeon who had performed that operation was still alive and would testify in court as to having done so.

"Jim, I had to get that skull—I had to—that's all—for your sake, for my sake, but most of all for Doris' sake. There was no one that I could confide in—and I dared not shadow Peter Walmsly myself.

"Now, years before, when Phil was alive, I had worked for an importing firm. Among our legitimate business along the line of Oriental goods, we dealt in smuggled opium as well. And the man who distributed this opium to the sellers of it was a college bred Chinaman named Chang Li Sen; a man, Jim, who is more crooked than any white person that ever breathed; a man that speaks better English than most Americans. I daresay, tho, that from your own experience with him, you realize that fact.

"By means of inquiring thru the old importing firm which still exists, I got in immediate touch with Chang. I informed him that on Monday night, the pastor of St. Anne's Church would leave the Palmer House carrying a valise or a package. I offered him one thousand dollars if he secured that valise. He accepted without a moment's hesitation, so anxious was he to get that thousand.

"At any rate I fully believed that Chang, with the ingenuity and cunning which had always characterized him in the old days, when we passed our smuggled opium into his hands, would manage the affair successfully. I felt no apprehensions whatever, strange to say, as to any failure on his part. And what happened? Simply this, Jim. Last night you walked in on Doris and myself and immediately began to relate to us how you had accidentally carried off another man's satchel; how you got it safely into your room; how you opened it; how you found inside— But enough! When

(Continued on Page 20.)

In Which Something Happens to Jerry Card, Tull's Chief Rider

Riders of the Purple Sage

By Zane Grey

Told in Last Week s Installment

In August Mrs. Larkin, mother of little Fay, died. Lassiter advised that the child be given to any Gentile family that would adopt her. Jane refused to consider it. Again some concealed person, lurking about Cottonwoods House, took a shot at Lassiter. Soon a horse was heard, coming fast. The steed was Wrangle, and its rider was Venters, now bearded and ragged, but taller and broader of shoulders. "Oh, Bern—you wild man!" was Jane's greeting. Some one had also fired at Venters—down the sage—he reported. He next told how he had discovered Oldring's hiding-place and Jane's red herd. Told his suspicions of Elder Tull, whom he hoped to meet face to face, perhaps to kill him. Told nothing of the girl, Bess. Venters did meet Elder Tull and gave him a tongue-lashing, but spared his life.

Venters returned to Surprise Valley well laden with supplies and outfits of clothing. Again some prowler took a shot at him as he left Cottonwoods. Later in the day Judkins reported the loss of the white herd. Jane's next shock was a terrible one—her best horses had been stolen. Blake lay dead on the stable floor; Jerd, another employe, had disappeared. All the stalls were empty, even those of Black Star, Night and Bells.

Lassiter visited Venters in Surprise Valley, heard Bern's story concerning the girl, and before leaving inspected the great balancing rock. Venters remarked that he had a continuous longing to push the huge bowlder into the valley and close forever the outlet to Deception Pass. Bess then made known to Venters her wonderful discovery of gold—in fabulous quantities. He fairly crushed her in his arms. Now he could soon call her wife—the world should be theirs.

This story began in No. 26, the Ledger for July 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVII.

WRANGLE'S RACE RUN.

THE plan eventually decided upon by the lovers was for Venters to go to the village, secure a horse and some kind of a disguise for Bess, or at least less striking apparel than her present garb, and to return postehaste to the valley. Meanwhile, she would add to their store of gold. Then they would strike the long and perilous trail to ride out of Utah. In the event of his inability to fetch back a horse for her, they intended to make the giant sorrel carry double. The gold, a little food, saddle blankets, and Venters' guns were to compose the light outfit with which they would make the start.

Deliberately He Picked Out the One Rider With a Carbine and Killed Him.

"I love this beautiful place," said Bess. "It's hard to think of leaving it."

"Hard! Well, I should think so," replied venters. "Maybe—in years——" But he did not complete in words his thought that it might be possible to return after many years of absence and change.

Once again Bess bade Venters farewell under the shadow of Balancing Rock, and this time is was with whispered hope and tenderness and passionate trust. Long after he had left her, all down thru the outlet to the Pass, the clinging clasp of her arms, the sweetness of her lips, and the sense of a new and exquisite birth of character in her remained hauntingly and thrillingly in his mind. The girl who had sadly called herself nameless and nothing had been marvelously transformed in the moment of his avowal of love. It was something to think over, something to warm his heart, but for the present it had absolutely to be forgoten so that all his mind could be addressed to the trip so fraught with danger.

He carried only his rifle, revolver, and a small quantity of bread and meat; and thus lightly burdened he made swift progress down the slope and out into the valley. Darkness was coming on, and he welcomed it. Stars were blinking when he reached his old hiding-place in the split of canyon wall, and by their aid he slipped thru the dense thickets to the grassy enclosure. Wrangle stood in the center of it with his head up, and he appeared black and of gigantic proportions in the dim light.

Venters whistled softly, began a slow approach, and then called. The horse snorted and, plunging away with dull, heavy sound of hoofs, he disappeared in the gloom. "Wilder than ever!" muttered Venters. He followed the sorrel into the narrowing split between the walls, and presently had to desist because he could not see a foot in advance.

As he went back toward the open Wrangle jumped out of an ebony shadow of cliff, and like a thunderbolt shot huge and black past him down into the starlit glade. Deciding that all attempts to catch Wrangle at night would be useless, Venters repaired to the shelving rock where he had bidden saddle and blanket, and there he went to sleep.

The first peep of day found him stirring, and as soon as it was light enough to distinguish objects, he took his lasso off his saddle and went out to rope the sorrel. He espied Wrangle at the lower end of the cove, and approached him in a perfectly natural manner. When he got near enough, Wrangle evidently recognized him, but was too wild to stand. He ran up the glade, and on into the narrow lane between the walls.

This favored Venters' speedy capture of the horse, so, coiling his noose ready to throw, he hurried on. Wrangle let Venters get to within a hundred feet, and then he broke. But as he plunged by, rapidly getting into his stride, Venters made a perfect throw with the rope. He had time to brace himself for the shock; nevertheless, Wrangle threw him and dragged him several yards before halting.

"You wild devil," said Venters, as he slowly pulled Wrangle up. "Don't you know me? Come now—old fellow—so—so—"

Wrangle yielded to the lasso and then to Venters' strong hand. He was as straggly and wild-looking as a horse left to roam free in the sage. He dropped his long ears, and stood readily to be saddled and bridled. But he was exceedingly sensitive, and quivered at every touch and sound. Venters led him to the thicket, and, bending the close saplings to let him squeeze thru, at length reached the open. Sharp survey in each direction assured him of the usual lonely nature of the canyon; then he was in the saddle riding south.

Wrangle's long, swinging canter was a wonderful ground gainer. His stride was almost twice that of an ordinary horse, and his endurance was equally remarkable. Venters pulled him in occasionally, and walked him up the stretches of rising ground and along the soft washes. Wrangle had never yet shown any indication of distress while Venters rode him. Nevertheless, there was now reason to save the horse; therefore, Venters did not resort to the hurry that had characterized his former trip. He camped at the last water in the Pass. What distance that was to Cottonwoods he did not know; he calculated, however, that it was in the neighborhood of fifty miles.

EARLY in the morning he proceeded on his way, and about the middle of the forenoon reached the constricted gap that marked the southerly end of the Pass, and thru which led the trail up to the sage-level. He spied out Lassiter's tracks in the dust, but no others, and, dismounting, he straightened out Wrangle's bridle and began to lead him up the trail.

The short climb, more severe on beast than on man, necessitated a rest on the level above, and during this he scanned the wide purple reaches of slope.

Wrangle whistled his pleasure at the smell of the sage. Remounting, Venters headed up the white trail with the fragrant wind in his face. He had proceeded for perhaps a couple of miles when Wrangle stopped with a suddenness that threw Venters heavily against the pommel.

"What's wrong, old boy?" called Venters, looking down for a loose shoe or a snake or a foot lamed by a picked-up stone. Unrewarded, he raised himself from his scrutiny. Wrangle stood stiff, head high, with his long ears erect. Thus guided, Venters swiftly gazed ahead to make out a dust-clouded, dark group of horsemen riding down the slope. If they had seen him, it apparently made no difference in their speed or direction.

"Wonder who they are!" exclaimed Venters. He was not disposed to run. His cool mood tightened under grip of excitement, as he reflected that whoever the approaching riders were they could not be friends. He slipped out of the saddle and led Wrangle behind the tallest sagebrush. It might serve to conceal them until the riders were close enough for him to see who they were; after that he would be indifferent to how soon they discovered him.

After looking to his rifle, and ascertaining that it was in working order, he watched, and as he watched, slowly the force of a bitter fierceness, long dormant, gathered ready to flame into life. If those riders were not rustlers he had forgotten how rustlers looked and rode. On they came, a small group, so compact and dark that he could not tell their number. How unusual that their horses did not see Wrangle! But such failure, Venters decided, was owing to the speed with which they were traveling. They moved at a swift canter affected more by rustlers than by riders.

Venters grew concerned over the possibility that these horsemen would actually ride down on him before he had a chance to tell what to expect. When they were within three hundred yards he deliberately led Wrangle out into the trail.

Then he heard shouts, and the hard scrape of sliding hoofs, and saw horses rear and plunge back with up-flung heads and flying manes. Several little white puffs of smoke appeared sharply against the black background of riders and horses, and shots rang out.

Bullets struck far in front of Venters, and whipped up the dust and then hummed low into the sage. The range was great for revolvers, but whether

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the shots were meant to kill or merely to check advance, they were enough to fire that waiting ferocity in Venters. Slipping his arm thru the bridle, so that Wrangle could not get away, Venters lifted his rifle and pulled the trigger twice.

He saw the first horseman lean sideways and fall. He saw another lurch in his saddle and heard a cry of pain. Then Wrangle, plunging in fright, lifted Venters, and nearly threw him. He jerked the horse down with a powerful hand, and leaped into the saddle. Wrangle plunged again, dragging his bridle, that Venters had not had time to throw in place. Bending over with a swift movement, he secured it and dropped the loop over the pommel. Then, with grinding teeth, he looked to see what the issue would be.

The band had scattered so as not to afford such a broad mark for bullets. The riders faced Venters, some with red-belching guns. He heard a sharper report, and just as Wrangle plunged again he caught the whizz of a leaden missile that would have hit him but for Wrangle's sudden jump. A swift, hot wave, turning cold, passed over Venters. Deliberately he picked out the one rider with a carbine, and killed him. Wrangle snorted shrilly and bolted into the sage. Venters let him run a few rods, then with iron arm checked him.

Five riders, surely rustlers, were left. One leaped out of the saddle to secure his fallen comrade's carbine. A shot from Venters, which missed the man but sent the dust flying over him, made him run back to his horse. Then they separated. The crippled rider went one way; the one frustrated in his attempt to get the carbine another; Venters thought he made out a third rider, carrying a strange-appearing bundle and disappearing in the sage. But in the rapidity of action and vision he could not discern what it was. Two riders with three horses swung out to the right. Afraid of the long rifle—a burdensome weapon seldom carried by rustlers or riders—they had been put to rout.

Suddenly Venters discovered that one of the two men last noted was riding Jane Withersteen's horse Bells—the beautiful bay racer she had given to Lassiter. Venters uttered a savage outcry. Then the small, wiry, froglike shape of the second rider, and the ease and grace of his seat in the saddle—things so strikingly incongruous—grew more and more familiar in Venters' sight.

"Jerry Card!" cried Venters.

It was indeed Tull's right-hand man. Such a white-hot wrath inflamed Venters that he fought himself to see with clearer gaze.

"It's Jerry Card!" he exclaimed, instantly. "And he's riding Black Star and leading Night!"

The long-kindling, stormy fire in Venters' heart burst into flame. He spurred Wrangle, and as the horse lengthened his stride Venters slipped cartridges into the magazine of his rifle till it was once again full. Card and his companion were now half a mile or more in advance, riding easily down the slope. Venters marked the smooth gait, and understood it when Wrangle galloped out of the sage into the broad cattle trail, down which Venters had once tracked Jane Withersteen's red herd.

This hard-packed trail, from years of use, was as clean and smooth as a road. Venters saw Jerry Card look back over his shoulder; the other rider did likewise. Then the three racers lengthened their stride to the point where the swinging canter was ready to break into a gallop.

"Wrangle, the race's on," said Venters, grimly. "We'll canter with them and gallop with them and run with them. We'll let them set the pace."

Venters knew he bestrode the strongest, swiftest, most tireless horse ever ridden by any rider across the Utah uplands. Recalling Jane Withersteen's devoted assurance that Night could run neck and neck with Wrangle, and Black Star could show his heels to him, Venters wished that Jane were there to see the race to recover her blacks end in the unqualified superiority of the giant sorrel. Then Venters found himself thankful that she was absent, for he meant that race to end in Jerry Card's death.

The first flush, the raging of Venters' wrath, passed, to leave him in sullen, almost cold possession of his will. It was a deadly mood, utterly foreign to his nature, engendered, fostered, and released by the wild passions of wild men in a wild country. The strength in him then—the thing rife in him was not hate, but something as remorseless—might have been the fiery fruition of a whole lifetime of vengeful quest. Nothing could have stopped him.

Venters thought out the race shrewdly. The rider on Bells would probably drop behind and take to the sage. What he did was of little moment to Venters. To stop Jerry Card, his evil, hidden career as well as his present flight, and then to catch the blacks—that was all that concerned Venters. The cattle trail wound for miles and miles down the slope. Venters saw with a rider's keen vision ten, fifteen, twenty miles of clear, purple sage. There were no on-coming riders or rustlers to aid Card.

His only chance to escape lay in abandoning the stolen horses and creeping away in the sage to hide.

In ten miles Wrangle could run Black Star and Night off their feet, and in fifteen he could kill them outright. So Venters held the sorrel in, letting Card make the running. It was a long race that would save the blacks.

In a few miles of that swinging canter Wrangle had crept appreciably closer to the three horses. Jerry Card turned again, and when he saw how the sorrel had gained, he put Black Star to a gallop. Night and Bells, on either side of him, swept into his stride.

Venters loosened the rein on Wrangle and let him break into a gallop. The sorrel saw the horses ahead and wanted to run. But Venters restrained him. And in the gallop he gained more than in the canter. Bells was fast in that gait, but Black Star and Night had been trained to run. Slowly Wrangle closed the gap down to a quarter of a mile, and crept closer and closer.

Jerry Card wheeled once more. Venters distinctly saw the red flash of his red face. This time he looked long. Venters laughed. He knew what passed in Card's mind. The rider was trying to make out what horse it happened to be that thus gained on Jane Withersteen's peerless racers. Wrangle had so long been away from the village that not improbably Jerry had forgotten. Besides, whatever Jerry's qualifications for his fame as the greatest rider of the sage, certain it was that his best point was not far-sightedness. He had not recognized Wrangle. After what must have been a searching gaze he got his comrade to face about. This action gave Venters amusement. It spoke so surely of the fact that neither Card nor the rustler actually knew their danger. Yet if they kept to the trail—and the last thing such men would do would be to leave it—they were both doomed.

This comrade of Card's whirled far around in his saddle, and he even shaded his eyes from the sun. He, too, looked long. Then, all at once, he faced ahead again and bending lower in the saddle, began to fling his right arm up and down. That flinging Venters knew to be the lashing of Bells. Jerry also became active. And the three racers lengthened out into a run.

"Now, Wrangle!" cried Venters. "Run, you big devil! Run!"

Venters laid the reins on Wrangle's neck and dropped the loop over the pommel. The sorrel needed no guiding on that smooth trail. He was surer-footed in a run than at any other fast gait, and his running gave the impression of something devilish. He might now have been actuated by Venter's spirit, undoubtedly his savage running fitted the mood of his rider. Venters bent forward, swinging with the horse, and gripped his rifle. His eye measured the distance between him and Jerry Card.

IN LESS than two miles of running Bells began to drop behind the blacks, and Wrangle began to overhaul him. Venters anticipated that the rustler would soon take to the sage. Yet he did not. Not improbably he reasoned that the powerful sorrel could more easily overtake Bells in the heavier going outside of the trail. Soon only a few hundred yards lay between Bells and Wrangle.

Turning in his saddle the rustler began to shoot, and the bullets beat up little whiffs of dust. Venters raised his rifle, ready to take snap shots, and waited for favorable opportunity when Bells was out of line with the forward horses. Venters had it in him to kill these men as if they were skunk-bitten coyotes, but also he had restraint enough to keep from shooting one of Jane's beloved Arabians.

No great distance was covered, however, before Bells swerved to the left, out of line with Black Star and Night. Then Venters, aiming high and waiting for the pause between Wrangle's great strides, began to take snap shots at the rustler. The fleeing rider presented a broad target for a rifle, but he was moving swiftly forward and bobbing up and down. Moreover, shooting from Wrangle's back was shooting from a thunderbolt. And added to that was the danger of a low-placed bullet taking effect on Bells. Yet, despite these considerations, making the shot exceedingly difficult, Venters' confidence, like his implacability, saw a speedy and fatal termination of that rustler's race. On the sixth shot the rustler threw up his arms and took a flying tumble off his horse. He rolled over and over, hunched himself to a half-erect position, fell, and then dragged himself into the sage. As Venters went thundering by he peered keenly into the sage, but caught no sign of the man. Bells ran a few hundred yards, slowed up, and had stopped when Wrangle passed him.

Again Venters began slipping fresh cartridges into the magazine of his rifle, and his hand was so sure and steady that he did not drop a single cartridge. With the eye of a rider and the judgment of a marksman he once more

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measured the distance between him and Jerry Card. Wrangle had gained, bringing him into rifle range.

Venters was hard put to it now not to shoot, but thought it better to withhold his fire. Jerry, who, in anticipation of a running fusilade, had huddled himself into a little twisted ball on Black Star's neck, now surmising that this pursuer would make sure of not wounding one of the blacks, rose to his natural seat in the saddle.

In his mind perhaps, as certainly as in Venters', this moment was the beginning of the real race.

Venters leaned forward to put his hand on Wrangle's neck; then backward to put it on his flank. Under the shaggy, dusty hair trembled and vibrated and rippled a wonderful muscular activity. But Wrangle's flesh was still cold. What a cold-blooded brute, thought Venters, and felt in him a love for the horse he had never given to any other. It would not have been humanly possible for any rider, even tho clutched by hate or revenge or a passion to save a loved one or fear of his own life, to be astride the sorrel, to swing with his swing, to see his magnificent stride and hear the rapid thunder of his hoofs, to ride him in that race and not glory in the ride.

So, with his passion to kill still keen and unabated, Venters lived out that ride, and drank a rider's sage-sweet cup of wildness to the dregs.

When Wrangle's long mane, lashing in the wind, stung Venters in the cheek, the sting added a beat to his flying pulse. He bent a downward glance to try to see Wrangle's actual stride, and saw only twinkling, darting streaks and the white rush of the trail. He watched the sorrel's savage head, pointed level, his mouth still closed and dry, but his nostrils distended as if he were snorting unseen fire. Wrangle was the horse for a race with death. Upon each side Venters saw the sage merged into a sailing, colorless wall. In front sloped the lay of ground with its purple breadth split by the white trail. The wind, blowing with heavy, steady blast into his face, sickened him with enduring sweet odor, and filled his ears with a hollow, rushing roar.

Then for the hundredth time he measured the width of space separating him from Jerry Card. Wrangle had ceased to gain. The blacks were proving their fleetness. Venters watched Jerry Card, admiring the little rider's horsemanship. He had the incomparable seat of the upland rider, born in the saddle. It struck Venters that Card had changed his position, or the position of the horses. Presently Venters remembered positively that Jerry had been leading Night on the right-hand side of the trail. The racer was now on the side to the left. No—it was Black Star. But, Venters argued in amaze, Jerry had been mounted on Black Star. Another clearer; keener gaze assured Venters that Black Star was really riderless. Night now carried Jerry Card.

"He's cnanged from one to the other!" ejaculated Venters, realizing the astounding feat with unstinted admiration. "Changed at full speed! Jerry Card, that's what you've done unless I'm drunk on the smell of sage. But I've got to see the trick before I believe it."

Thenceforth, while Wrangle sped on, Venters glued his eyes to the little rider. Jerry Card rode as only he could ride. Of all the daring horsemen of the uplands Jerry was the one rider fitted to bring out the greatness of the blacks in that long race. He had them on a dead run, but not yet at the last strained and killing pace. From time to time he glanced backward, as a wise general in retreat calculating his chances and the power and speed of pursuers, and the moment for the last desperate burst.

No doubt, Card, with his life at stake, gloried in the race, perhaps more wildly than Venters. For he had been born to the sage and the saddle and the wild. He was more than half horse. Not until the last call—the sudden up-flashing instinct of self-preservation—would he lose his skill and judgment and nerve and the spirit of that race. Venters seemed to read Jerry's mind. That little crime-stained rider was actually thinking of his horses, husbanding their speed, handling them with knowledge of years, glorying in their beautiful, swift, racing stride, and wanting them to win the race when his own life hung suspended in quivering balance.

Again Jerry whirled in his saddle and the sun flashed red on his face. Turning, he drew Black Star closer and closer toward Night, till they ran side by side, as one horse. Then Card raised himself in the saddle, slipped out of the stirrups, and somehow twisting himself, leaped upon Black Star. He did not even lose the swing of the horse. Like a leech he was there in the other saddle, and as the horses separated, his right foot, that had been apparently doubled under him, shot down to catch the stirrup. The grace and dexterity and daring of that rider's act won something more than admiration from Venters.

For the distance of a mile Jerry rode Black Star and then changed back to Night. But all Jerry's skill and the running of the blacks could avail little more against the sorrel.

Venters peered far ahead, studying the lay of the land. Straightaway for five miles the trail stretched, and then it disappeared in hummocky ground. To the right, some few rods, Venters saw a break in the sage, and this was the rim of Deception Pass. Across the dark cleft gleamed the red of the opposite wall. Venters imagined that the trail went down into the Pass somewhere north of those ridges. And he realized that he must and would overtake Jerry Card in this straight course of five miles.

CRUELLY he struck his spurs into Wrangle's flanks. A light touch of spur was sufficient to make Wrangle plunge. And now, with a ringing, wild snort, he seemed to double up in muscular convulsions and to shoot forward with an impetus that almost unseated Venters. The sage blurred by, the trail flashed by, and the wind robbed him of breath and hearing. Jerry Card turned once more. And the way he shifted to Black Star showed he had to make his last desperate running. Venters aimed to the side of the trail and sent a bullet puffing the dust beyond Jerry.

Venters hoped to frighten the rider and get him to take to the sage. But Jerry returned the shot, and his ball struck dangerously close in the dust at Wrangle's flying feet. Venters held his fire then, while the rider emptied his revolver. For a mile, with Black Star leaving Night behind and doing his utmost, Wrangle did not gain; for another mile he gained little, if at all. In the third he caught up with the now galloping Night and began to gain rapidly on the other black.

Only a hundred yards now stretched between Black Star and Wrangle. The giant sorrel thundered on—and on—and on. In every yard he gained a foot. He was whistling thro his nostrils, wringing wet, flying lather, and as hot as fire. Savage as ever, strong as ever, fast as ever, but each tremendous stride jarred Venters out of the saddle! Wrangle's power and spirit and momentum had begun to run him off his legs. Wrangle's great race was nearly won—and run.

Venters seemed to see the expanse before him as a vast, sheeted, purple plain sliding under him. Black Star moved in it as a blur. The rider, Jerry Card, appeared a mere dot bobbing dimly. Wrangle thundered on—on—on! Venters

(Continued on Page 16.)

Ledger Embroidery Patterns

By Helen Kaufman

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For clock No. K600, at the left side of illustration, the single lines on each side are done in outlining, the bands across are done in a different color, such as brown with white bars on tan hose, or dark brown and tsn on brown hose, etc. For these bars, use one stitch for the perpendicular lines and 2 running stitches each side for the horizontal lines. The short lines in the center, match the outside lines. The diamond at the top has all the heavy lines and diamonds worked solid, the white diamonds between are filled with seeding stitches. The diamond shapes at top and bottom are worked solid.

Clock No. K601, at the right side of illustration, is very effective worked in black on white hose. The oblong portions are worked solid over a few stitches of padding. As the spaces are small the same thread is used for the padding as for the covering. The short lines between are made of a single stitch each. The heavy upper portion is padded and worked solid. The half daisies are worked in lazy daisy stitches with a group of small French knots for the center of each. This is a most artistic clock and not much work.

Clock No. K602, folded across her lap, was most charming worked in straight stitches with a raised dot on each end. The heavy portions at top and bottom are padded and worked solid. The flower petals are worked in lazy daisy stitches. The extra dots may either be worked solid or of clusters of French knots, as preferred.

Clock No. K603, the stocking she is wearing, is attractive done in two shades of the same color, or black and white on colored hose. For example, use white 6-strand cotton, lay the full thread on the edge of the figure having the dot in the center, cover this with fine stitches close together, using 2 threads of white in the needle at once. Start the same of another thread at the opposite side of same figure, then bring the 2 threads together at the narrow portion and couch these down with single stitches of black. Make a black dot in the center. The large diamond at the top is outlined and filled with seeding of black. The irregular portions below are worked solid of black, with the curved lines within of white. The dots at top and bottom are of black. This opportunity is afforded for every one to use her individual taste in making this charming work for her own or her friend's wear.

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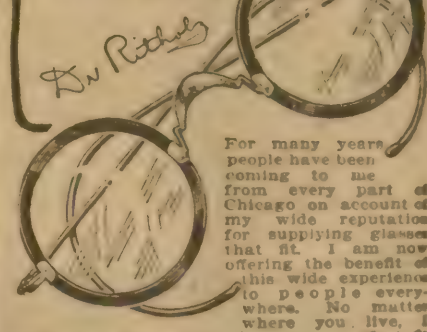

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Ten Decks and No Keel
by Charley Wood

IT WAS nearly midnight.

Rare silence reigned in the cottage wherein lived the retired mariners, Captain Henry Wagg, Captain William Stubbler and Captain John Swiggles, skippers of sailing craft up to six hundred tons. They were enjoying the exclusive brand of sleep with which sailors are blessed.

And then, suddenly, there came a clatter and roar as an anchor chain rushed over its wildcat into the reach of bay off Tompkinsville. The skippers were all but startled out of their bunks.

"I'll bet my fav'rite marlinspike that's a down-East hooker sneakin' in with a cargo o' conterband," said Skipper Henry. "Them down-East skippers does anything for money."

"Conterband your bobstay," scoffed Captain William, ex-ship's carpenter; "that's one o' them big Standard Oil tankers. I can tell 'er by the holler sound."

Captain Swiggles, ex-ship's cook, stuck his head thru the tasseled curtain of old sail that hung over his bunk and glared sleepily about.

"That ain't nothin' but a British tramp steamer," he grated. "Avast your bluddy noise so a man can go to sleep."

"Now Where's the Hooker and Tarnker You Was Speakin' Of?"

The trio then slid off to sleep again with the difference of opinion still standing, and a prevailing determination to prove the truth of their assertions in the morning.

With the first sparkle of dawn Swiggles jumped from his bunk, armed himself with a marine-glass, and tiptoed into the yard. There was but one ship off Tompkinsville, and when he stuck the glass on it he beheld the largest Yankee battleship he had ever been blessed with a sight of.

He hastened in and hauled his mates bodily from their lairs. Each seized what he believed to be the best sea-glass in the world and followed him into the yard.

"Now, where's the hooker and tarnker you was speakin' of?" asked Swiggles as they aimed their individual glasses. "There's wot must be the biggest and newest battleship in the world."

Chagrined tableau on the part of his mates.

"She's a reg'lar steel island," continued he. "I think I'll go down for to look 'er over and have a talk with the ardmiral."

"They wouldn't let us aboard," asserted Skipper Henry.

"Why not" asked Captain William. "We captains with captain's tickets?"

"There ain't none o' them dressed up figgerheads aboard there any better by the standards o' seafarin' than us," said Captain William, truculently.

Skipper Henry thought that over as he closed his glass and encased it in four separate coverings.

"Certainly," he agreed at length. "They wouldn't know how to command the hard ships we have. We could go aboard there an' learn them lubbers more things in two minutes than they could learn in a lifetime on a steel scow like her."

"Wot do you say if we does it?" asked Captain William.

Swiggles started abruptly into the cottage. "I'm goin' in for to rig up in my best clothes," said he, "an' see wot kind of a lubber they got commandin' of 'er."

His mates rolled hastily in his wake.

After breakfast there was some turmoil and fuss as sea-chests were overhauled and dunnage highly valued and worn only on great occasions brought to light.

"Here's them pants I wore at that sailors' ball in Nagasaki, when all them Japanese girls was hangin' to my booms," said Captain William as he stepped carefully into them from his sea-chest.

"They was only arter your pay," answered Skipper Henry. "Here's that suit I got in Hong-Kong to wear when I was pall-bearer for old Cap'n Judd. Pure Chile wool, it is."

Swiggles merely glanced at the suit as he affectionately dusted off a cap.

"There's the very cap I wore when the President o' Liberja was interdocin' of me to his wife," said he proudly.

THEY polished boots, shined brass buttons, whisked at the lint, and argued on the relative value of their apparel for two full hours. Then they stepped carefully and proudly toward the water-front of Tompkinsville.

There they hired a two-oared dilapidation, termed a dory by its owner, and went out under their own power.

Owing to the pull of the tide, they came up on the Texarkana from astern and unseen from her quarterdeck.

There was not one particle of hesitation in the manner in which they committed the sin of making their painter fast to an accommodation ladder stanchion.

But they were somewhat taken aback when they stepped on deck and saw the massive turrets with guns as long as their old spanker-booms, bridges that towered as high as their old t'gallants, and a company of gaily uniformed marines lined up for inspection in a line as straight as a taut bowline.

A bugler standing near them sounded mess call.

"Listen to the horn they got!" remarked Swiggles over his shoulder to Captain William. "Wot is modern sailorin' comin' to, anyhow?"

"Look how them swabs stands like wooden men," answered Captain William, eying the marines. "If they was on my old ship they'd work or get a capstan-bar acrosst their peaks."

They advanced toward a natty young lieutenant, who was officer of the deck.

"Who's goin' for to be the spokesman?" asked Swiggles, pausing.

"You are," said his mates in unison, and made haste to get behind him.

Swiggles set his cap, pulled down his coat, twisted his mustache, and took the lead.

"Are you the commander o' this frigate?" he asked the officer.

"I am in command at present, being officer of the deck," replied the lieutenant.

Swiggles noted a pleasant gleam in the officer's eye, and immediately took advantage of it by slapping him sociably on the back.

"You're too young for to marster such a big ship," said he. "On my ship I would 'a' had you swabbin' the caboose deck for five year yet."

The lieutenant had trouble to smother a smile, and a distinct snicker ran from one end of the line of marines to the other.

"Who do you wish to see?" asked the officer.

"The ardmiral," replied Swiggles, growing bolder every moment. "Tell him that Captain Swiggles, Captain Wagg, and Captain Stubbler warnt to see him."

"You are not navy captains, are you?" asked the officer.

"Not on your blighted life!" answered Swiggles. "We knows more about the old navy, when they had men wot was real sailors an' real fighters on men-o'-war. You young bullies is patriotic, an' you means all right, but you don't know nothin' about sailorin' an' fightin'."

During the conversation there was a continual increase in the number of heads which bobbed up from behind everything to listen without being seen by the officer of the deck, and these heads shook with suppressed laughter. The marines, who had now been dismissed, lingered as near as possible, and their teeth gleamed as white as their belts as they grinned broadly.

"We seen ships in the old navy runnin' blood a foot thick on their decks," spoke up Skipper Henry.

"An' 'er scuppers plugged with dead men," put in Captain William. "Then was when they had sailors in the navy. Bein' patriotic an' meanin' well don't make fighters."

A loud laugh from all points of the compass greeted this, and the officer joined it.

"They didn't wear all them dude clothes an' fancy gear, neither," said Swiggles, with an eye on the lieutenant's attire.

"They don't know how to make sailors' clothes no more," asserted Skipper Henry, and held his arm under the officer's nose. "See the goods in that coat? It'll wear ten times longer'n that fancy sailmakin' wot you got on there."

Some of the tars curled up with mirth at this.

"Are you——" smiled the lieutenant.

"Them boots you got on ain't no foot gear for sailors," interrupted Captain William, pointing to the officer's polished low shoes. "Lay your lamps on these Paddy Doyles I got on. There's sailor boots for you!"

Owing to the increased number of listeners, the laugh that followed this was like that of an army.

"I thank you for the information," said the officer, bulging with merriment.

"Work smart now, an' tell the ardmiral we warnt to see him," said Swiggles.

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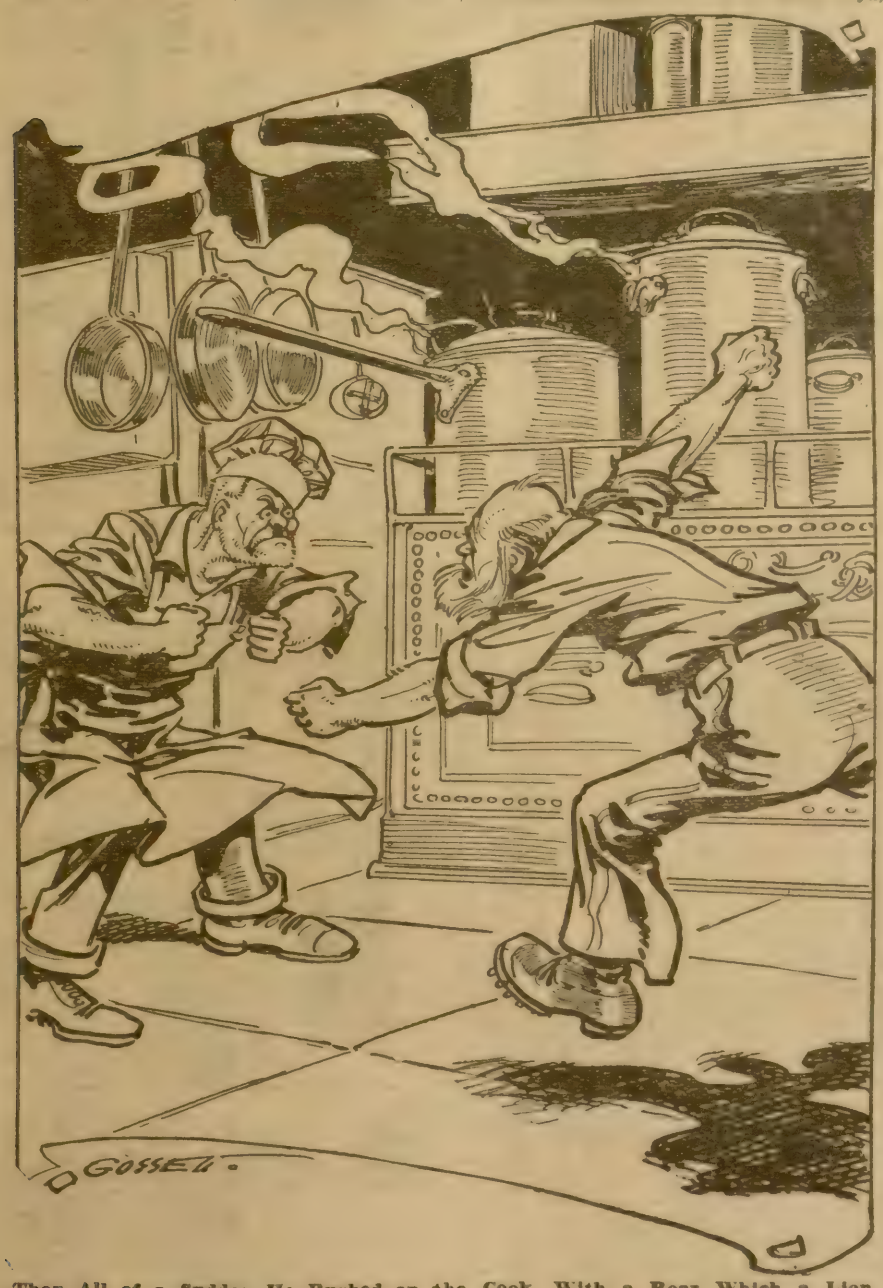
"We can learn him things he didn't ever hear of afore."

"Are you friends of the admiral?" asked the officer.

"We can tell that better arter we look him over," answered Swiggles. "We're skippers with skipper's tickets—men wot's sailed every ocean, tell him—an' we arsts expectin' the respect an' honor of the navy for men like us."

THE officer smilingly despatched a marine orderly to the admiral's quarters with the message. He returned and saluted.

"The admiral sends his compliments," said he, "and will be delighted at the honor of having Captain Swiggles, Captain Wagg, and Captain Stubbler to luncheon, sir."



Then All of a Sudden He Rushed on the Cook, With a Roar Which a Lion Would Have Turned Tail and Fled From.

The skippers swelled with gratification and importance.

"Follow the orderly, captains," said the officer, "and he will show you to the admiral's quarters."

The orderly walked ahead. "Right this way, sirs," said he.

"Get out, you bluddy soldier," said Swiggles. "We been on ships long enough to find our way."

"But this is a new ship, and you might get lost."

"Lost!" rasped Captain William. "Old seamen like us get lost! You'll lose your top if you don't haul away from us."

And the orderly "hauled," soliloquizing as he went.

The skippers entered what they termed the companionway. When they had descended the ladder they paused and looked about. They were standing on a deck covered with red linoleum and surrounded with light green walls, which angled and separated to form passages running in all directions.

They had never dreamed anything like it could be possible aboard a ship.

"This is worse than them Patagonian caves I near got lost in wunst," remarked Captain William.

Down one of the passages came the hum of many voices, and bounding merrily to them from another came the piano-rendered notes of a musical comedy score.

"They must have wimin aboard this blighted tin island," said Swiggles, with an ear to the latter.

Skipper Henry immediately strolled up the passage.

"That ain't where the ardmiral is," said Swiggles. "It's over this way." And he pointed up the passage from which came the hum of voices.

Captain William called them lost cabin-boys, and was of the opinion that still another passage was the proper way; and while they argued they executed several circles between the points of dispute without getting anywhere in particular.

As a last resort Skipper Henry gazed dizzily at the tiny compass on his watch-fob.

"We come down that ladder headed no'-nor'east," said he; "an' where you're goin' is east a half south. Her bow was layin' about sou'-sou'west when we come aboard, so——"

"Sink you and your blasted Chinee compass!"* answered Swiggles. "I know where is the ardmiral's quarters on a ship."

At that instant a crowd of mess-boys, black, brown, and yellow, came up on their way to the galley, laden with messgear. The skippers were engulfed and surrounded. When they had passed Captain William was alone there. Skipper Henry was nowhere in sight, but he could see Swiggles far down the passage of his selection and still going.

"I'm ashamed to be shipmates with old lubbers wot gets lost on a ship," he addressed himself. But, nevertheless, he was conscious of an acute feeling of loneliness, and made after the retreating Swiggles.

Swiggles continued down the passage, past many doors and strange gear, and suddenly emerged into a large compartment whose walls were white instead of a light green. Altho he was not aware of it, this change of color meant that he had left the officers' quarters altogether.

There in an outboard corner he saw a young, ordinary seaman picking out a fox-trot on a mandolin, while two more, clean shaven, attired in spotless white and shoes glossy, stepped and whirled to it.

He gazed at these salty enthusiasts of the light fantastic, and was consumed with disgust.

"Wot kind o' lady swabs are you?" he asked the dipping pair.

The mandolin stopped twittering and the sailors stopped dipping.

"I been on ships all my life an' never seen anything so ladylike," went on Swiggles scathingly. "My old crew would turn over in their lockers if they seen sailors like you. When they danced ashore, an' with Sallies an' Kitties—but you never seen 'em dancin' around the ship with each other. Has any of you insects ever danced a polka wi' a wrist watch?"

The O. S.'s answered with a triple hoot.

As a hot retort was on the point of Swiggles' tongue, Captain William came up, and they continued on together.

"We lost the skipper. Wot had we better do?" asked Captain William.

"Wot do we care for him?" answered Swiggles. "We can find the ardmiral's cabin without a skipper."

In the meantime Skipper Henry had not been enjoying himself. He had kept on up the passage he had chosen and steered straight for the music.

He reached a door over which hung a rich, dark-green portiere, and looked in. He beheld a neatly carpeted and furnished compartment, in which were lounging several comfortably dressed young men. One was seated at the piano, smashing out a finale.

In the center was a table covered and set for luncheon, and immediately upon seeing it Skipper Henry stepped in.

"Which one o' you is the ardmiral?" he asked. But, owing to the piano, the question was not heard.

He turned to the musician.

"Plug that noise so a man can talk, will you?" he bawled. The music stopped, and all eyes swung on the intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" asked a beardless midshipman, rising.

"Captain Henry Wagg," answered the skipper, advancing to the table. He seized a bottle from it, put the neck to his nose, and set it down with a nauseated snort. "Grape juice! Sailors wot drinks grape juice! On my ship we drunk grog, et offen bare wood, an' drove pegs in the table to hold the dishes."

The officers had recovered from their surprise and were becoming amused.

"Stewed?" whispered the ensign at the piano to a brother officer.

"Where's the ardmiral, I ast you?" bawled Skipper Henry.

"This is not the admiral's quarters; this is the junior officers' quarters," stated the ensign.

Skipper Henry turned angrily to him.

"Do you think I don't know where I am on a ship?" vociferated he. "I was on ships forty year, an' there ain't nobuddy wot sits in parlors drinkin' grape juice can tell me my way."

"What do you intend to do with the admiral?" asked the midshipman.

"Eat with him, you whiskerless jackstay," returned Skipper Henry curtly.

ALL but the midshipman laughed. He summoned the mess steward, and despatched him for a master-at-arms and irons.

"Is there anything in the regulations that would prevent us throwing him out?" asked a junior lieutenant. "One of you middies ought to know."

"Tell him where the admiral's quarters are and get rid of him amicably," advised a past assistant surgeon.

"If you want to go to the admiral's cabin," said the ensign, "go out the door you came in, turn to your left——"

"Left my Benny's mud-hook!" disgustedly interrupted the skipper. "If you had any sailorin' knowledge, you'd say port, not left."

The ensign heaved a sigh. "Somebody else try it," he suggested.

"Listen, cap," said the junior lieutenant. "Head for the door, starboard your helm, and lay a straight course for the ladder; when there go off on a port tack and reach for the second channel on your port bow, hold your sheets till

(Concluded on Page 19.)

*Note: Chinese compasses pointed south instead of north.

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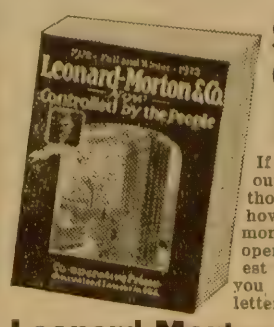

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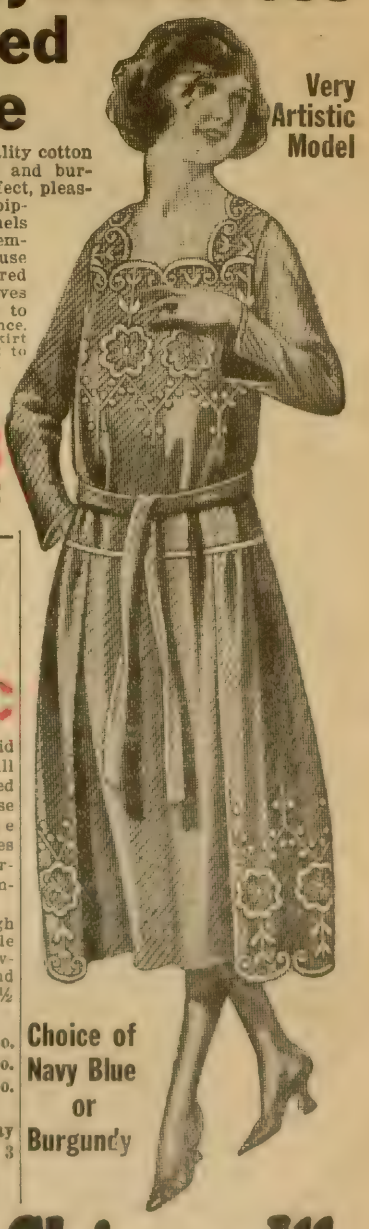

This charming dress is made of fine quality cotton garbardine cloth in two colors—navy and burgundy. Note the long-waisted bodice effect, pleasingly emphasized by contrasting color piping to match embroidery. The loose panels on sides are scalloped at bottom and embroidered in contrasting color. Blouse also scalloped at neck and embroidered in contrasting color. Bell shaped sleeves and sash belt which ties in front add to give this dress a most chic appearance. Women's sizes, 34 to 46 inch bust, skirt length about 35 inches. Misses' sizes 32 to 38 inch bust; skirt length measured from natural waist line, about 35 inches.

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The Star Act

(Concluded From Page 4.)

it'll bring yer anything?" growled big Matt Goodhue—No. 758, to his little partner in crime, George Nelson—No. 759, as they wrestled with pick and shovel in the damp depths of the Flat-Top mine; and as Nelson, accustomed to Matt's constant recrimination, made no reply, he went on: "Artist, yer calls yerself—Hell! Why, yer cain't even wear a false goatee wit' out spillin' it an' gittin' de two of us a year's sentence at hard labor in dis coal mine—where somethin's liable to fall on us and kill us any minute! I could kill yer, that's what I could do," he grated, "an' I may do it yet!"

Goodhue and Nelson had that day been delegated to the task of cleaning up the coal "let down" in the heading of this particular working by the shot of giant powder set off the evening before. Fully a hundred yards of dripping, timber-propped tunnel separated them from the main gallery or drift, but almost as clearly as if spoken within a few feet of them—so far and so clearly does sound travel in mine passages—there came the sound of a girl's voice from the main gallery.

"Let's explore this 'room', Mr. Upton," said the voice. "I can see two lights 'way back there. I s'pose that means two men are working. I'd like to see how it is done!"

"I'm a little afraid of this working, Miss Rinehart," a man's deep voice boomed out. "It's a new one and hasn't been fully equipped with props, but we'll take a chance on it."

When the party of laughing, joking young people reached the end of the working, Matt had just started pushing a small dump car, loaded with coal, down the slight incline toward the main passage—a leering, vindictive grin on his smutty face. Nelson, with head always turned away, was industriously shoveling coal into another car.

Miss Rinehart—a red-cheeked, compactly built woman—found an opportunity to draw quite close to No. 759 while the others were interestedly examining a bit of fossilized slate. She actually laid her clean white hand on his dirty, shame-striped shoulder as she whispered:

"Keep a stiff upper lip, George Nelson! I'm doing everything I can to get you a pardon. Never mind who I am—just remember that I believe in you—that you'd be straight if you had a chance!"

Nelson, who wasn't cut out for a crook, tried to say something before she turned away, but the words stuck in his throat. He did turn his head, however, and the girl made the mental note that tears and coal dust give a man's eyes a very odd appearance.

Far down toward the mouth of the working, the flame from No. 758's carbide lamp could be seen darting from one side of the tunnel to the other, and each time it paused, there followed a dull, heavy sound of thudding blows—such a sound as is made by a sledge-hammer striking against solid, wooden beams.

"My God! That fiend is knocking the props out! We're trapped unless we stop him!" screamed Upton; and drawing his automatic, he began firing at the flitting light. The shots rang out, almost deafening in that narrow, confused space, until the magazine was exhausted; then the terrified group saw the light waver, plunge downward and go out. A second later, there came a loud cracking report, followed by a heavy jarring crash as one of the few remaining props gave way, letting fall a large section of the slate roof.

"Let's go—hurry—before it's too late!" whimpered one of the women.

"It's too late—now!" muttered Upton. "It's sure death to try to get out. Hear those props cracking? The whole roof down there will fall inside of ten seconds—and it's quite a question whether or not the whole working won't cave in!"

"I'm going down to see about it, sir!" suddenly spoke No. 759. "Maybe all the props are not covered up—maybe I'll have time to brace it before it falls!"

"No! It's useless. Come back here!" bellowed Upton, but the stocky little man had already plunged into the surrounding gloom and was running as fast as his short legs would carry him toward the cracking, creaking timbers. Without a word, Miss Rinehart picked up a lamp and swiftly followed. Upton's voice boomed out, begging, entreating her to return; but she, too, paid no heed and ran on.

It seemed ages before Nelson's voice, echoing along the rocky walls, shouted back to them:

"Hurry on! It's safe for a few seconds! But for God's sake, hurry!"

As the panting party of terrified men and women passed safely under the last bulging section of slate roof, they were amazed to see the little convict standing in the center of the tunnel, legs rigidly braced, right arm stiffly extended straight above his head, exerting the last ounce of his strength in an agonized effort to prevent the total collapse of a sagging roof-timber. And at his side, standing in exactly the same position, was Miss Rinehart, bravely assisting the diminutive athlete in his Herculean task!

"Let go, and get out with the others—quick! We can't hold it much longer!" said Nelson in a choking voice.

"And leave you here to be crushed? No!" said Miss Rinehart firmly. "We'll go together. When I count three, we'll both let go and run . . . Ready? One, two, three!"

But Nelson did not let go until Miss Rinehart had raced several yards ahead and had gained the main gallery. Then, being at the end of his endurance, he did let go, and with stumbling legs ran to safety—just as the entire roof of the working caved in with a grinding crash of falling slate and broken timbers.

* * * * * * * *

"What do you think about our act, Cora—think we'll put it over?" smiled little George Nelson—no longer No. 759—to his little rosy-cheeked future vaudeville partner as the afternoon accommodation slowly but surely bore them away from Coalburg.

"Well," replied Miss Cora Rinehart, known to the sawdust ring as Samsine, the Strongest Woman on Earth. "If Matt Goodhue—may his bones rest in peace—were alive and had a chance to see it, with the coal mine setting and all, he'd have to admit that the Human Jackscrew, when it comes to saving lives and earning a Governor's pardon, is some useful little piece of art!"

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 11)

felt the increase in quivering, straining shock after every leap.

Flecks of foam flew into Venters' eyes, burning him, making him see all the sage as red. But in that red blaze he saw, or seemed to see, Black Star suddenly riderless and with broken gait. Wrangle thundered on to change his pace with a violent break. Then Venters pulled him hard. From run to gallop, gallop to canter, canter to trot, trot to walk, and walk to stop, the great sorrel ended his race.

Venters looked back. Black Star stood riderless in the trail. Jerry Card had taken to the sage. Far up the white trail Night came trotting faithfully down. Venters leaped off, still half blind, reeling dizzily. In a moment he had recovered sufficiently to have a care for Wrangle. Rapidly he took off the saddle and bridle. The sorrel was reeking, heaving, whistling, shaking. But he had still the strength to stand, and for him Venters had no fears.

As Venters ran back to Black Star he saw the horse stagger on shaking legs into the sage and go down in a heap. Upon reaching him Venters removed the saddle and bridle. Black Star had been killed on his legs, Venters thought. He had no hope for the stricken horse. Black Star lay flat, covered with bloody froth, mouth wide, tongue hanging, eyes glaring, and all his beautiful body in convulsions.

Unable to stay there to see Jane's favorite racer die, Venters hurried up the trail to meet the other black. On the way he kept a sharp lookout for Jerry Card. Venters imagined the rider would keep well out of range of the rifle, but, as he would be lost on the sage without a horse, not improbably he would linger in the vicinity on the chance of getting back one of the blacks. Night soon came trotting up, hot and wet and run out. Venters led him down near the others, and, unsaddling him, let him loose to rest. Night wearily lay down in the dust and rolled, proving himself not yet spent.

Then Venters sat down to rest and think. Whatever the risk, he was compelled to stay where he was, or comparatively near, for the night. The horses must rest and drink. He must find water. He was now seventy miles from Cottonwoods, and, he believed, close to the canyon where the cattle trail must surely turn off and go down into the Pass. After a while he rose to survey the valley.

He was very near to the ragged edge of a deep canyon into which the trail turned. The ground lay in uneven ridges divided by washes, and these sloped into the canyon. Following the canyon line, he saw where its rim was broken by other intersecting canyons, and farther down red walls and yellow cliffs leading toward a deep, blue cleft that he made sure was Deception Pass. Walking out a few rods to a promontory, he found where the trail went down. The descent was gradual, along a stone-walled trail, and Venters felt sure that this was the place where Oldring drove cattle into the Pass. There was, however, no indication at all that he ever had driven cattle out at this point. Oldring had many holes to his burrow.

In searching round in the little hollows Venters, much to his relief, found water. He composed himself to rest and eat some bread and meat, while he waited for a sufficient time to elapse so that he could safely give the horses a drink. He judged the hour to be somewhere around noon. Wrangle lay down to rest and Night followed suit. So long as they were down Venters intended to make no move. The longer they rested the better, and the safer it would be to give them water.

By and by he forced himself to go over to where Black Star lay, expecting to find him dead. Instead he found the racer partially if not wholly recovered. There was recognition, even fire, in his big black eyes. Venters was overjoyed. He sat by the black for a long time. Black Star presently labored to his feet with a heave and a groan, shook himself, and snorted for water. Venters repaired to the little pool he had found, filled his sombrero, and gave the racer a drink.

Black Star gulped it at one draught, as if it were but a drop, and pushed his nose into the hat and snorted for more. Venters now led Night down to drink, and after a further time Black Star also. Then the blacks began to graze.

The sorrel had wandered off down the sage between the trail and the canyon. Once or twice he disappeared in little swales. Finally Venters concluded Wrangle had grazed far enough, and, taking his lasso, he went to fetch him back. In crossing from one ridge to another he saw where the horse had made muddy a pool of water.

It occurred to Venters then that Wrangle had drunk his fill, and did not seem the worse for it, and might be anything but easy to catch. And, true enough, he could not come within roping reach of the sorrel. He tried for an hour, and gave up in disgust. Wrangle did not seem so wild as simply perverse. In a quandary Venters returned to the other horses, hoping much, yet doubting more, that when Wrangle had grazed to suit himself he might be caught.

As the afternoon wore away Venters' concern diminished, yet he kept close watch on the blacks and the trail and the sage. There was no telling of what Jerry Card might be capable. Venters sullenly acquiesced to the idea that the rider had been too quick and too shrewd for him. Strangely and doggedly, however, Venters clung to his foreboding of Card's downfall.

The wind died away; the red sun topped the far distant western rise of slope; and the long, creeping purple shadows lengthened. The rims of the canyons gleamed crimson, and the deep clefts appeared to belch forth blue smoke. Silence enfolded the scene.

It was broken by a horrid, long-drawn scream of a horse and the thudding of heavy hoofs. Venters sprang erect and wheeled south. Along the canyon rim, near the edge, came Wrangle once more in thundering flight.

Venters gasped in amazement. Had the wild sorrel gone mad? His head was high and twisted, in a most singular position for a running horse. Suddenly Venters decried a froglike shape clinging to Wrangle's neck. Jerry Card! Somehow he had straddled Wrangle and now stuck like a huge burr. But it was his strange position and the sorrel's wild scream that shook Venter's nerves. Wrangle was pounding toward the turn where the trail went down. He plunged onward like a blind horse. More than one of his leaps took him to the very edge of the precipice.

Jerry Card was bent forward with his teeth fast in the front of Wrangle's nose! Venters saw it, and there flashed over him a memory of this trick of a few desperate riders. He even thought of one rider who had worn off his teeth in this terrible hold to break or control desperate horses. Wrangle had indeed gone mad. The marvel was what guided him. Was it the half-brute, the more than half-horse instinct of Jerry Card? Whatever the mystery, it was true. And in a few more rods Jerry would have the sorrel turning into the trail leading down into the canyon.

"No—Jerry!" whispered Venters, stepping forward and throwing up the rifle. He tried to catch the little humped, froglike shape over the sights. It was moving too fast; it was too small. Yet Venters shot once . . . twice . . . the third time . . . four times . . . five! All wasted shots and precious seconds!

With a deep-muttered curse Venters caught Wrangle thru the sights and pulled the trigger. Plainly he heard the bullet thud. Wrangle uttered a horrible strangling sound. In swift death action he whirled, and with one last splendid leap he cleared the canyon rim. And he whirled downward with the little froglike shape clinging to his neck!

There was a pause which seemed never ending, a shock, and an instant's silence. Then up rolled a heavy crash, a long roar of sliding rocks dying away in distant echo, then silence unbroken.

Wrangle's race was run.

CHAPTER XVIII.
OLDRING'S KNELL.

SOME forty hours or more later Venters created a commotion in Cottonwoods by riding down the main street

(Continued on Page 18.)

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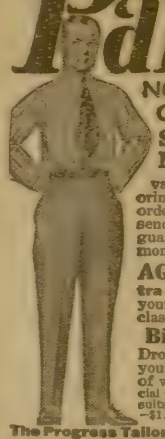

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Wooden Spoil

(Continued From Page 6.)

keep a keg of brandy in the ice-house under the straw and sell nickel drinks to travellers. But they're going to open up if they can. Simeon's brother Louis has rented that house by the old stables that Jean Baptiste used to occupy last year before it began to go to pieces, and he's going to have a dance hall there and sell brandy——"

Hilary rapped out an oath. "Not if I have anything to say," he answered.

"Nor me," said Lafe. "I've been a Prohibitionist for twenty years, and I guess the stuff does as much harm here as down in New England. The trouble is, where do we start in? We can't fight the whole town single-handed. I was wondering whether we couldn't wire the revenue people——"

"No!" said Hilary sharply. "Well fight our own battles, Lafe."

Lafe subsided in a hurt sort of way. The evidences of demoralization were obvious in St. Boniface. The men were slow and surly, the women sullen, slatternly, and hopeless-looking. It was clear that they had little hope Hilary could counter this new project. St. Boniface had been, on the whole, a hard-working community since the Morris-Brousseau agreement banished the drinking-shops to Ste. Marie. Hilary was aware of a feeling in the air, as if he was being tested. He saw furtive glances as he went by, he recognized reluctance in the sullen touch of the cap and the unsmiling faces, while not hostile, watched him with something like resentment, as if his attitude toward the Duval proposal was discounted beforehand.

The next day Hilary encountered Louis Duval, Leblanc, and Pierre. The three were standing in a little group near one of the flume posts, looking toward the gang still working upon the boom, and exchanging jeering remarks, apparently concerning it. They called out contemptuously to the mill-men trooping back to work after the midday intermission.

There was nothing in the men's presence to which Hilary could take exception, for he had himself cancelled Morris' orders against trespassing. He was sure, however, that they were there to set his men's minds in agitation. As he passed, Duval turned to Pierre and made some sinister remark that caused the others to laugh. Pierre's mirth changed to a scowl as Hilary's eyes met his, but he did not sustain his glance.

Hilary took no notice of them, but the incident increased his resolution to bring matters to a head the first opportunity. So long as he remained on the defensive Brousseau would have the tactical advantage over him. Therefore he half welcomed Louis Duval's project, as affording him his opportunity.

HE HAD kept in his mind the plan of cutting along the bank of the river, without waiting for the snow. It seemed to him a feasible plan to fell right beside the water, and float the logs down, this requiring no teams to haul, a process impossible until the snow was deep. On the Saturday he went out afoot to survey the timber in the upper reaches. There had seemed to him to be some good wood in the hollows higher up the stream, where scrubby second-growth birch and azalea had grown up over a partly burned district. In order to get a clearer view, Hilary took the public road that ran along the eastern bank, within the Ste. Marie limits, and ascended to an elevation opposite the low-lying tract on the west side.

He had nearly reached the branch road which ran in toward Ste. Marie, along which Lafe and he had driven on that first morning, when he perceived Madeleine Rosny and Brousseau ahead of him, at the top of the rise. He was almost hidden from their view by the summit and by the branches of trees that overhung the road. They seemed to be talking earnestly, and Hilary held back, unwilling to surprise them. Presently he saw Brousseau spur his horse and gallop away in the direction of Ste. Marie, while Madeleine came slowly toward him.

She saw him and turned her horse aside to let him pass. She had been crying, and there were traces of tears still on her cheeks. She would have waited for him to go by, her face averted, but Hilary placed his hand upon the horse's bridle.

"Mademoiselle Rosny——" he began.

"Let me go on," she said in a low tone.

"I want to speak to you. And if you are in trouble I want to help you."

She smiled wearily. "I am not in trouble, and if I were I should hardly ask your aid, Monsieur Askew," she answered. Then, with sudden vehemence, "Why did you come here?" she cried. "Why could you not have left St. Boniface alone, instead of stirring up hatred?"

"It seems to me," said Hilary, "that the hatred has been on the part of my neighbors, who resented my exercising my legal rights here. The motives of some of them are obvious, but not yours, Mademoiselle Rosny. I am not conscious of having wronged you."

"Is it not enough that my father should have been compelled to sell your uncle our trees, without your coming here to exult over our shame?"

"I have not exulted, Mademoiselle Rosny; I am sorry."

"Take back your pity. We don't want it. What has Monsieur Brousseau done to you—or Mr. Morris?"

"Morris, since you inquire, has swindled me out of several thousand dollars' worth of lumber, Mademoiselle Rosny. As for Monsieur Brousseau, the trouble is of his own seeking."

"Did you not refuse to work amicably with Monsieur Brousseau when he came to you?"

"He gave me no chance, Mademoiselle."

"You went upon Monsieur Brousseau's land and quarreled with one of his workmen, and you ill-treated him shamefully, just because you are big and strong, and not afraid of a weaker man. And you and your hired men—our men who serve you—have taken Monsieur Brousseau's lumber, and you are going to sell it as your own. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you outlaw!"

"You are altogether wrong, Mademoiselle Rosny," answered Hilary quietly. "The quarrels were none of them of my seeking. Monsieur Brousseau, who is quite capable of taking care of himself, lays claim to land and lumber which is not his. I suggest, Mademoiselle, that you have not shown sufficient cause for your hostility. And, furthermore, you showed it before, and not after the events to which you referred."

"We resented your coming here and cutting down our trees. We have lived here since the first settlement of the country."

"That is not a fair attitude."

"Why isn't it fair?"

"Because, Mademoiselle, the good-will goes with the trees."

"Never!" she cried.

"I have done you no wrong," urged Hilary. "I have come here to take charge of a legacy which my uncle left me. It is all I have in the world. It has been my hope to make the task successful, and, in succeeding, to consider my neighbors and help my employes. Is not this a case for our working amicably together, as you suggested in the case of Monsieur Brousseau? Come, Mademoiselle Rosny, let us forget our quarrel, and be friends."

She did not take the hand that he extended, but she looked at him in wonder.

"You spoke of my good-will," she said presently, with a touch of mockery. "What is that to you? Surely my father's feeling toward you, which is mine, can have no power to help or injure you?"

The small gloved hand that clinched the riding whip lay tantalizingly upon the reins within reach of Hilary's. The girl's poise, her bearing, the sudden raillery seemed to reveal a consciousness of power, and a pride, too, that hardly brooked his presence upon her ancient fief.

"It means much to me, your good-will, Mademoiselle Rosny," said Hilary.

She leaned forward in her saddle. He could see that she was breathing quickly, in spite of her assumption of mockery. "Monsieur Askew," she said, "listen to me. If you value my good-will you shall have it on one condition."

"On any condition."

"That you leave St. Boniface."

"Except that," said Hilary.

"It is not that I grudge you your possession," resumed the girl hurriedly. "Believe me, I am not thinking that. As you said, the money was paid, and the rights are yours. But this is no place for you, Monsieur. I could esteem you and—and give you my good-will if you said 'I have made a mistake,' and went. Why do you stop here, to stir up trouble and agitate us all? Yes, I include myself. I have asked myself why you have come here to this land which is not your home. What is it you want, that you will not take the value of your trees from Monsieur Brousseau and go?"

"I have a natural objection to being driven out of my own property," said Hilary.

"It should never have been yours. Monsieur Brousseau wanted it, but my father——"

She broke off in agitation. Hilary laid his hand upon the rein, nearer her own.

"Mademoiselle Rosny," he urged, conscious that he was as agitated as she, "I want to ask you something. I do not want you to go to Ste. Marie. I said I wanted to help you. Perhaps I had no right, but I do not want you to go there. It is because I honor you, and——"

She was staring at him in greater distress. He hardly knew whether she understood.

"If Monsieur Brousseau—" she began, half-choking.

"Forgive me, Mademoiselle, but does he mean so much to you as that?"

She started and twitched the rein away. "You are insolent!" she cried. "How dare you question me or lay down the law to me? No, I have heard enough. Stay, then, Monsieur Askew, and cut down the trees that you have bought, and sell them; but do not presume to speak to me any more!"

She touched the horse with her spur, and the beast bounded away, almost flinging Hilary to the ground. Her face was flaming; yet, as she rode, Hilary could hear her sobbing again.

He was sure that Brousseau was the cause of her distress. He recalled Lafe's words to himself on the night of their first meeting. Brousseau's grasping hand was stretched forth not only on the seigniory but on its heiress; and he vowed that the battle between them should be fought out on this ground also.

CHAPTER X.

INSIDE THE DANCE HALL.

IT HAD been the general expectation that Louis Duval would open his saloon that evening. Hilary was aware that Louis and two assistants were engaged in carpentering behind the closed door of the shanty. However, evening came and the house remained closed. Furthermore, there was a general exodus toward Ste. Marie, and when the news came that Louis himself had gone it became clear that he had postponed his inauguration of the test of Hilary's authority, for reasons known best to himself, or perhaps to Brousseau.

Hilary came to the decision to ride over to Ste. Marie that night and see what was transpiring there. Lafe, to whom he confided his scheme, thought it risky, but, when he could not induce Hilary to change it, asked permission to accompany him and make him promise to avoid trouble.

They decided to walk along the shore instead of riding. Hilary had never been by that route, and his spirits sank when, at the outskirts of the town, he came upon a hideous mansion, with ornamental pillars and a criss-cross porch railing, painted flamboyantly in white and green, which he rightly inferred to be the residence of Brousseau.

His spirits sank at the thought of Madeleine inhabiting that flaring, flaunting residence. It stood a little way back from the shore, on a small, bare plateau. Everything about it was hideously new. In a lighted room, whose shades had not been pulled down, he thought he saw

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Brousseau and Morris, seated at a table, bending over some papers.

He was very silent during the remainder of the walk into Ste. Marie, and Lafe, as if divining what was in his thoughts, did not disturb him. It was about an hour after dark when they turned up from the beach into the main street which held the chief dance halls.

Simeon Duval's place was working at full blast, as were half a dozen more, and Hilary recognized numbers of his own men en route. Nobody appeared to notice them, however, and they reached Simeon's place unaccosted, and, standing upon the porch beside the door, looked in.

It was a large wooden building, within which a score of lumbermen were dancing, mostly with one another; but a few had women partners. They moved with the curious, stiff gait of the woodsman upon an even surface. In one corner a fiddler played briskly. At small tables, set back in a recess, groups of men were gambling, flinging down the thumbed cards and shouting or cursing, while money clinked, and half a dozen girls, following the game eagerly, screamed and laughed as their partners' fortunes changed for worse or better.

There was no pretence of secrecy in respect of the sale of liquor. Simeon Duval, whom Lafe indicated to Hilary, was a stoutish, middle-aged man in shirtsleeves, with pale blue eyes and a thin crop of reddish hair, turning grey. He wore spectacles, which gave him a strange, scholastic expression, and the arms beneath his upturned sleeves were a mass of fat and muscle. He was moving backward and forward between the tables and a closet with an open door, in which his liquor was stored, serving his customers. The interior was vilely hot, gusts of fetid air came rolling out with the tobacco smoke, and the din was deafening.

As the two stood there Hilary was astonished to see little Baptiste push past them and enter. His face was agitated, and he seemed to see nothing but his objective. He strode thru the dancers toward one side of the room, where two girls were seated. Hilary had observed one of them decline several invitations to dance and drink, tho apparently urged by the other; now he recognized them as Nanette and Marie Dupont.

BAPTISTE strode straight up to Marie and stood before her. Hilary could hear nothing, but he saw the little timekeeper gesticulating, and apparently imploring her. He saw Marie shrug her shoulders and avert her face. Nanette was laughing, and two or three of the lumbermen near by watched the little scene with amusement. Baptiste grew more vehement. Marie turned on him angrily. What she said was still inaudible, but Baptiste stood staring at her in consternation.

Baptiste's confusion was only momentary. He sprang at her, seized her by the sleeve of her dress, and tried to pull her from her seat. Hilary saw Nanette protesting angrily; he could not hear Baptiste's excited exclamations, but he heard faintly the scream that came from Marie's lips. At once there was a general movement toward the group. Some of the lumbermen interfered. Baptiste turned upon them with menacing fists. The little man was beside himself with fury. Then Simeon came waddling down the room with his duck-like shuffle, and took Baptiste by both arms. With slow but inexorable force he led him toward the door.

It seemed almost as if Baptiste, struggling in vain and mouthing incoherently, was in the grip of some machine, for the momentum of Simeon's movements was composed much more of bulk than of velocity. Amid the jeers of the crowd Baptiste was thrust from the door, and Simeon turned and waddled back into the room, where the dancing was in full swing once more.

Hilary saw Marie flying round in the arms of a gigantic woodsman. Baptiste, seated upon the step before the dance hall, was weeping pitifully. The little drama came home to Lafe with equal poignancy. Hilary saw that his eyes were blazing.

"We'll get that girl away from here," he said.

Lafe nodded, and the two went in.

At first they were not recognized thru the clouds of rolling smoke. It was Nanette who saw Hilary first. She uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed toward him. At once the two found themselves under the fire of all eyes.

The expression on most of the faces was frankly hostile. Some sneered, some laughed; half audible remarks were passed which Hilary did not resent, tho only because he did not understand them.

The news reached Simeon Duval as he was reaching up for a bottle in his closet, and he came puffing out and waddled toward Hilary, his pale blue eyes fixed on him in malevolent scrutiny. The fiddler was still playing, but the dancers, as if sensing the imminence of an affair of greater interest, had ceased to move.

"Eh, Meestair Askew, you have a drink on me?" asked Simeon, holding out the bottle under Hilary's nose. The action was at once a challenge and an overture, to be interpreted in either fashion, according to the hearer's inclination.

Hilary shook his head. "I don't drink, Simeon," he answered curtly.

"You want to dance then, eh? You want a lady to dance?"

"I do not."

"Nor to play card, eh?"

"Not tonight, Simeon."

"Then what the hell you come to my place for?"

Simeon's blue eyes glared into Hilary's. In his younger days the man had been the bully of the lumber camps; still of great strength, he could have matched himself against any man, with the doubtful exception of Black Pierre; but Hilary's exploit upon the latter had a restraining effect upon him.

"I've come to have a look at you, Simeon," said Hilary genially.

"Well, you see me now, eh, Meestair Askew? What you think of me, eh?" retorted the dance hall proprietor. "Maybe you like to look some more, eh?"

"I think you're just about what I expected," Hilary answered. "I hear your brother is thinking of opening a hell like this one at St. Boniface."

The lumbermen had begun to edge in about them. Sentiment, while running strongly against the intruder, was not angrily hostile. The men were eager to see how Hilary would bear himself against Simeon, and they hoped for some fun. Hilary saw among them the face of Simeon's brother Louis, who looked like a small model upon a lighter scale. He had nosed furtively forward from the rear of the room. Near him was Leblanc, with a grin on his sinister features; one eye fixed on Hilary's, while the other wavered between Simeon and the door. Pierre was not present; he did not show his face in crowded places when he could help it, least of all among the women at Ste. Marie.

"My brother here. He speak for himself, Meestair Askew. He not afraid. You think, p'r'aps, because you thrash Black Pierre, you boss in Ste. Marie?"

"No, I don't. I wish I were," said Hilary. "If I were, Simeon, I should run you down to Quebec jail right off the reel. But I'm boss in St. Boniface, and if Louis opens a liquor den there, I'll break his head open and run him in afterward."

Few of those present understood his exact meaning, but an ominous growl showed that this declaration was appreciated at more or less its correct value. The mob began moving forward. Lafe took Hilary by the arm and tried to back with him toward the door, but Hilary would not budge, and Lafe resumed his place beside him, taking care, however, to stand near enough to the wall to prevent any one from edging in behind him. The fiddler, who, like many of his kind, who wander from village to village, attending marriages and festivities of every kind, was a blind man, craned his head forward, as if to sense what was happening, while he played a brisk jig that nobody heeded.

For a few moments the situation grew menacing. Many of the lumbermen were already drunk, and nearly all carried knives; there were none of Hilary's own men in the room, so far as he could see—at least, not immediately about him; and if there had been it was doubtful whether they would have been inclined to take his part. Hilary took the agressive, as usual.

"Ah, Leblanc!" he called out. "How do you like your new job. I'm starting in to cut on that limit you handed back to me. There's some good timber there, Leblanc."

In the next, the fifth installment of the story, the reader may learn just how the two Duvals will take the young American's interference in their respective occupations. Askew is surely sowing seeds of trouble by his brave stand for right and justice. Time alone will reveal what his harvest will be. Several big scenes are promised in the next installment.

* * *

Candy and Stages of Love.

THE candy man is the first one to know whether Mr. Newlywed's affections are beginning to cool off. Long before his wife expects it, he is aware of it—and convinced. That is because of the candy Mr. Newlywed buys her. No longer does he come into the store asking for the "very best candy" and wonder for half an hour whether she will like it in a ribboned or plain container. He walks in and asks for a pound of chocolates—"any kind!" That is the first signal.

When, several months later, he comes in and says, "She wants a box of assorted chocolates," it shows that things are in a bad way. He is merely repeating her order—and has long since ceased to buy her any candy of his own accord.

* * *

Habits of Centenarians.

IN OUR country are 3,500 men and women past 100 years old. Occasionally one of them gives the "rules why."

Take such rules with a grain of salt. Practically all of these centenarians are such by accident. Few of them achieved their old age by any formula. Arrived at the century mark, they look back and attempt self-analysis, usually with ludicrous results.

Almost any one with a normal body, sane mind and healthful viewpoint can live to be 100, barring accidents. But, in one form and another, most of us are committing slow suicide and know it.

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 16.)

on Black Star and leading Bells and Night. He had come upon Bells grazing near the body of a dead rustler, the only incident of his quick ride into the village.

Nothing was farther from Venters' mind than bravado. No thought came to him of the defiance and boldness of riding Jane Withersteen's racers straight into the arch-plotter's stronghold. He wanted men to see the famous Arabians; he wanted men to see them dirty and dusty, bearing all the signs of having been driven to their limit; he wanted men to see and to know that the thieves who had ridden them out into the sage had not ridden them back. Venters had come for that and for more—he wanted to meet Tull face to face; if not Tull, then Dyer; if not Dyer, then any one in the secret of these master conspirators. Such was Venters' passion.

The meeting with the rustlers, the unprovoked attack upon him, the spilling of blood, the recognition of Jerry Card and the horses, the race, and that last plunge of mad Wrangle—all these things, fuel on fuel to the smoldering fire, had kindled and swelled and leaped into living flame. He could have shot Dyer in the midst of his religious services at the altar; he could have killed Tull in front of wives and babes.

He walked the three racers down the broad, green-bordered village road. He heard the murmur of running water from Amber Spring. Bitter waters for Jane Withersteen! Men and women stopped to gaze at him and the horses. All knew him; all knew the blacks and the bay. As well as if it had been spoken, Venters read in the faces of men the intelligence that Jane Withersteen's Arabians had been known to have been stolen. Venters reined in and halted before Dyer's residence.

It was a low, long, stone structure resembling Withersteen House. The spacious front yard was green and luxuriant with grass and flowers; gravel walks led to the huge porch; a well-trimmed hedge of purple sage separated the yard from the church grounds; birds sang in the trees; water flowed musically along the walks; and there were glad, careless shouts of children. For Venters the beauty of this home, and the serenity and its apparent happiness, all turned red and black. For Venters a shade overspread the lawn, the flowers, the old vine-clad stone house. In the music of the singing birds, in the murmur of the running water, he heard an ominous sound. Quiet beauty—sweet music—innocent laughter! By what monstrous abortion of fate did these abide in the shadow of Dyer?

Venters rode on and stopped before Tull's cottage. Women stared at him with white faces and then flew from the porch. Tull himself appeared at the door, bent low, craning his neck. His dark face flashed out of sight; the door banged; a heavy bar dropped with a hollow sound.

Then Venters shook Black Star's bridle, and, sharply trotting, led the other horses to the center of the village. Here at the intersecting streets and in front of the stores he halted once more. The usual lounging atmosphere of that prominent corner was not now in evidence. Riders and ranchers and villagers broke up what must have been absorbing conversation. There was a rush of many feet, and then the walk was lined with faces.

Venters' glance swept down the line of silent stone-faced men. He recognized many riders and villagers, but none of those he had hoped to meet. There was no expression in the faces turned toward him. All of them knew him, most were inimical, but there were few who were not burning with curiosity and wonder in regard to the return of Jane Withersteen's racers. Yet all were silent. Here were the familiar characteristics—masked feeling—strange secretiveness—expressionless expression of mystery and hidden power.

"Has anybody here seen Jerry Card?" queried Venters, in a loud voice.

In reply there came not a word, not a nod or shake of head, not so much as dropping eye or twitching lip—nothing but a quiet, stony stare.

"Been under the knife? You've a fine knife wielder here—one Tull, I believe! . . . Maybe you've all had your tongues cut out?"

This passionate sarcasm of Venters' brought no response; and the stony calm was as oil on the fire within him.

"I see some of you pack guns, too!" he added, in biting scorn. In the long, tense pause, strung keenly as a tight wire, he sat motionless on Black Star. "All right," he went on. "Then let some of you take this message to Tull. Tell him I've seen Jerry Card! . . . Tell him Jerry Card will never return!"

How about Bess, left alone back there in the crags? What will be her adventures and dangers, if any, while her protector is half a hundred miles away? Will Oldring give up the girl without a fight, or is she again to find herself a captive in the canyon beyond Deception Pass? While the story is nearing its end, there will be several more installments before all is told. And the big thrills are yet to come. Part ten will be found in the Ledger next week. Of course you will want it.

* * *

Their Real Names.

IN THESE days when it is so hard to get farm hands we wonder what service to humanity is performed by those persons who, with diabolical cunning, ferret out the middle and unused names of authors for the United States catalog, which is used by all libraries. Bury your middle name ever so deep—if you write a book they will smoke you out. In the libary list recently we found that old, familiar names of authors had been curiously amended. For instance:

Holworthy Hall is Harold Everett Porter.

Fannie Hurst is Mrs. Jacques Danielson.

Victoria Cross is Vivian Cory Griffin.

Shane Leslie is John Randolph Leslie.

Lord Dunsany is Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, eighteenth baron.

Arnold Bennett is Enoch Arnold Bennett.

Katherine Newlin Burt is Mrs. Maxwell Struthers Burt.

Booth Tarkington is Newton Booth Tarkington.

Henri Fabre was Jean Henri Casimir Fabre.

Coningsby Dawson is Coningsby William Dawson.

Jennette Lee is Jennette Barbour Perry Lee, or Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee.

Stanley Hall is Granville Stanley Hall.

Hilaire Belloc is Joseph Hilaire Pierre Belloc.

John Ayscough is Francis Browning Drew Bickerstaffe-Drew.

Enough!

* * *

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BLACKMAILERS, quacks and charlatans who live by their wits are invading the psychoanalysis field. Word has gone forth that this is one of the easiest grafts since gypsies invented palm reading.

Now legitimate psychoanalysts are starting a campaign against the fakers. Getting evidence is unusually hard. Dr. A. A. Brill, who wrote the best American book on the psychic science, points out that victims of blackmailers cannot make charges without revealing the secret which subjects them to blackmail.

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Ten Decks and No Keel

(Concluded From Page 13.)

you have a door bearing broad off your starboard beam, boxhaul——'"

"Tryin' to make a fool o' me, you uneducated cabin roach?" broke in Skipper Henry, unaware of the fact that a huge master-at-arms was advancing on him from astern. Then a hand larger than Skipper Henry's head closed over his mouth.

Meanwhile Captains Swiggles and William had kept on their way till they came to a carpenter's bench. There Captain William paused to observe a carpenter engaged in sawing in lengthwise halves a beam longer than the table and as thick as a boom. The sweat was popping from his bald head.

Captain William, having been a ship's carpenter for many years, was immediately interested. He halted and stared captiously at the exhausted carpenter, while the latter laid down the saw, grumbled, and mopped his brow.

At that moment Swiggles made for a steel network a short distance updeck in which were lines of ranges and tiled decking. On that tiled decking stood a number of men dressed all in white and poking about at various giant cooking gear.

Then Captain Swiggles was at home, for he had spent twenty years of his life catering to the romping stomachs of ships' crews.

"Can't you saw a little beam like that without gettin' all tired out?" Captain William asked the carpenter.

"Shove off and mind your own business!" returned the carpenter irritably.

"I could saw a beam like that in half in five minutes," persisted Captain William. "You don't hold your saw right, or else you must be weak."

"I'll show you how weak I am if you don't shove off!" flared the carpenter. "Who the heller you to tell me how to saw wood?"

"I was carpenterin' afore you knowed a hammer from a marlinspike," answered Captain William hotly. "An' I know encugh about it yet to take a farmer like you an' trim a garboard strake out o' him in one second."

Several tars were collecting and forming a grinning, interested circle around them.

"Try it, you meat-headed crab; try it!" dared the carpenter, jumping from the beam. "Come on an' make a strake out o' me."

"Do you think I can't do it?" asked Captain William, sticking his face malevolently into the carpenter's.

The carpenter answered by shoving the face as far from him as possible, and the owner of it precipitated into a group of tars.

Ten feet away, Captain William snatched out his false teeth, laid them on the bench, and doubled his fists.

"Just hold your moorin's, you flatfaced swivelhead!" he bellowed.

And then, with swinging arms, he dived at the carpenter with the speed of a projectile from a twelve-inch turret-gun.

While this was happening Swiggles had stepped into the galley with the air of a king and stared critically about. It seemed to him as if all the cooks in the world were mobilized there.

"Get out o' my galley before I hang this beanpot over your head! Get out!" commanded a cook, irritated at the supercilious carriage of the entrant. "What are you coming in here for?"

"I'll bash your greasy eye," retorted Swiggles. "I was hookin' salt pork afore you was born—for twenty year I was cookin' for sailors."

"My pots!" answered the cook. "I been a ship's cook for twenty-nine year."

"Nobuddy wouldn't know you was a cook unless you told 'em," declared Swiggles. "Look at the lubber cookin' gear you got! How can you make good coffee in them copper pots? How can you make good soup in a big tarnk? All them is good for is to shine up."

They bore a remarkable resemblance to each other as they stood there arguing, with all the other cooks gaping on and a crowd of jackies collecting outside the galley door.

"There ain't a admiral in the service that ain't tried to get me to cook on his ship," stated the cook, "an' I got the reputation of makin' the best beans in the navy."

"Shut up your bluddy sarss!" said Swiggles, and removed his cap. "If you had any brains behind that round peak o' yourn, you'd be a skipper, instead of a cook, an' wear clothes like me. Lay a eye on that cap."

The cook took the cap, looked at it, and threw it into the stove.

Swiggles sprang after it, but too late to save it.

"I'll knock your teeth down your hausepipe for that!" he roared.

"Start it, and I'll smother you with this beanpot!" snarled the cook.

"Wait till I get off my coat," croaked Swiggles in a voice thick with rage. "Wait till I get off my coat."

He thrashed out of his coat and carefully hung it on an oven handle.

"Stand there jest one more second, you round-peaked, sail-eared, bluddy seabiscuit," grated he, "till I get my sleeves rolled up!"

Then, all of a sudden, he rushed on the cook with a roar which a lion would have turned tail and fled from.

In a snarling, venomous ball they rolled about the galley deck, playing havoc with the culinary equipment; while just down the deck Captain William and the carpenter and a mallet were in a tangled, ferocious knot under the bench.

It so happened that about the same time Swiggles' head was enclosed in the beanpot and he was held on his back by a breathless master-at-arms. Captain William was defeated on points by the carpenter, and Skipper Henry, down in the junior officers' quarters, succumbed to the efforts of his strapping enemy and had the irons clapped on.

Swiggles was also ironed while still on his back.

"I guess these'll keep you where you belong for a while," said the cook.

"I can cook a better meal right now, with these irons on, than the best blighted slop you can make," fired back Swiggles as he was hustled all thru applauding groups of man-o'-war's men.

Captain William was hustled after him with his teeth clinched in his fist.

Skipper Henry's valuable suit had been badly mussed in the snappy struggle, and his necktie and rubber collar were left where they shot into the sugar as he and the master-at-arms went tugging and arguing into the passage.

The junior officers breathed a soulful sigh of satisfaction and hung up the neckgear as a souvenir.

WHILE these happenings had been taking place there was one more person who was becoming disgruntled. That was Rear-Admiral Hemmington, who, incidentally, had gained his admiral stars just the previous week.

He paced impatiently about his new quarters, wondering as to the whereabouts of his expected guests. And, too, his best meal was luncheon, and it was growing cold on the table.

He finally summoned his orderly.

"Have you seen anything of three captains who were to lunch with me?" he asked.

The orderly had not.

"Then have the word passed for them. My guns! I can't be expected to have my luncheon ruined for the sake of etiquette. Their names are Captains Swiggles, Wagg, and Stubbler. And if they won't come, haul them down," commanded the admiral.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the orderly with his hand to his cap, and dodged thru the door.

The admiral had taken ten more turns around his after-cabin when he heard a mingling of savage voices and a jingling of irons. Thru the door came a dishevveled, capless, fuming skipper sandwiched between two masters-at-arms.

"Who are you, sir?" asked the astonished admiral.

"Captain John Skinley Swiggles," came the irate answer.

"What? Not the Captain Swiggles who——" began the admiral.

"You bet your bluddy larmps I am," interrupted Swiggles loudly. "Leggo my arms, you blarsted sharks! Wot kind o' treatment is this for to give a skipper, ardmiral?"

"This man——" began the master-at-arms.

But he was choked off by another jingling of irons, and thru the door popped another worse-for-wear skipper in the arms of a huge master-at-arms.

The admiral gazed astoundedly over the head of Swiggles at the new arrival.

"Now, who the devil is this?" he asked.

"Captain Henry Wagg is my name," bawled that one. "Is this the way your swabs treats a captain wot comes to pay you a friendly visit? Haul your hand away from my mouth, you——"

"He was in the junior officers' quarters lookin' for you, sir," said the master-at-arms while he held a hand over Skipper Henry's mouth. "He insisted——"

"Let them go for a moment till I find out what is what," commanded Admiral Hemmington. "Get yourselves together now and talk calmly."

But at that instant another pair of masters-at-arms appeared with one more snarling, bedraggled captain. The trio was now complete.

"I never seen such crool, inhuman treatment," stormed Captain William, "as these United States Navy swabs give me. What kind of a way——"

"Crool an' inhuman! Them's the words for it, ardmiral," cut in Swiggles. "Don't a man wot's skippered a ship for five year get no respect in the Navy?"

"Of course, but——" started the admiral.

"If everybuddy knowed the treatment Americans visitin' battleships gets, there wouldn't be no more Navy, admiral," said Skipper Henry.

While these lurid complaints were progressing the admiral had been looking from one to the other of the speakers with the air of a connoisseur; and as they talked his brow slowly cleared, for there, surrounding and radiating from the three skippers, was the atmosphere of his youth.

Here were the bold, rip-roaring masters of sail he had seen from the tops as a midshipman, the men who had carried crimp bills, rope's ends, and romance in their bulgy pockets, and made Yankeeland famous for her clipper ships all over the seven seas.

A little exaggerated they were, of course, in their old age; but old age is given to magnifying its youth.

In the admiral's mind were visions of tall-masted, white-coursed ships when he sent away the masters-at-arms and their irons with them.

"Sit down at the table. Captain Swiggles, Captain Wagg, and Captain Stubbler," said he, "and we'll have a bite of luncheon while we get calmed down a little."

WITHOUT another syllable of urging, the captains slid into the indicated chairs and tucked napkins about their necks. And suddenly a steward appeared with delicious eatables incased in shimmering silverware. They will never forget that meal in the admiral's cabin.

"You," said Swiggles, addressing their host thru a mustache full of diced potatoes in cream, "are the only man we seen on this whole ship wot knows how to treat men with marster's tickets."

"Quite a compliment, I assure you, Captain Swiggles," smiled the admiral. "You evidently ran afoul of somebody."

"I could have swabbed up the deck with twenty o' those powder-monkeys with one hand, admiral," asserted Captain William. Then he deftly absorbed a half slice of bread.

"Perhaps," chuckled the admiral.

Skipper Henry dodged around the steward and forked another french chop.

"I'd like to get 'em on my old hooker," said he. "I could go without breakfast, dinner and supper, an' still be able to boxhaul fifty of 'em."

"Why, ardmiral," said Swiggles, reaching for the third helping of chicken salad, "when I was in the Solomons wunst, I shivered twenty-nine o' them black saveeges so quick they never——"

"Admiral," interposed Captain William, "that was boy's play. One time, in New Guinea, I took thirty-four o' them cannerbals who tried to board me, single hant, an' tied 'em into roolin' hitches, garrick bends, an' sheepsshanks."

Admiral Hemmington laughed heartily.

"You can' go to the mouth o' the Congo right today, admiral," spoke Skipper Henry jealousy, "an' see dozens o' them black lubbers stooped over an' hump-backed from when I drove their necks into their hulls the time they tried to steal a cargo o' salt pork from the Benny Boy."

When the last course was served Swiggles produced a long plug of tobacco, and they each gnawed off a generous mouthful.

"That was the best meal I ever had, ardmiral," said Swiggles.

He turned and shot a jet of tobacco-juice at a cuspidor, but it was badly aimed, and only made a startling change in the figure on the Axminster rug. But Captain William, who was all of twenty feet from it, hit it repeatedly without the slightest trouble.

Skipper Henry, however, made no attempt at it, but ingeniously placed a finger-bowl on the floor beside him. When they rose to go they made an onslaught on all portable dainties, and their pockets bulged with fruit and cakes and cigars as they went toward the ladder.

"You are the greatest commander in the navy, admiral," said Skipper Henry, and the others enthusiastically approved it.

The admiral himself conducted them to the deck. There Swiggles pointed to a cottage far over on a hill, with a flagpole rigged like a ship's mast.

"That's where he live, ardmiral," said he. "Come up an' see us any time you warnts—but don't bring none o' them young brats you got here for crew."

Shortly after they bade the admiral a hearty good-by and climbed into the dory, which, thanks to the bailing efforts of an O. S., was still on top.

"Why don't you let one of my launches take you ashore?" asked the admiral.

"Not by a darn sight!" said Swiggles, hastily shoving off. "We wouldn't trust our precious lives to the young hammerheads wot runs them there boats."

And as the dory fell away from the accommodation ladder they might have heard a soft but hearty cheer from the direction of the forecastle.

* * *

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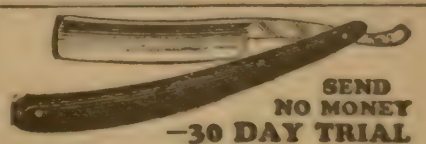

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The Voice on the Wire

(Continued From Page 8)

I recovered from the fainting spell I had had, I saw that any plans of Chang's for securing the valise had been hopelessly defeated on account of those purely accidental circumstances which attended your entrance in the Clark street car.

"All night long I found myself unable to sleep, believing of course, that you had long since gotten in touch with the rightful owner of the valise and had restored it to him. Again and again the thought recurred to me: 'Now my little girl will have to suffer on account of me—for who will marry the daughter of a convicted murderer?' You see, Jim I had not heard the rest of your story. I had not learned how Chang tricked you into losing the satchel.

"And this morning, I received a phone message from Chang himself. He told me in the most guarded sentences and allusions how he had followed the Rev. Peter Walmsly from the Palmer House, not daring to resort to any desperate measures on account of the downtown lights and the crowds of people; how he had seen a young fellow on the Clark street car drag out from under the seat a bag which was exactly like that carried by the man he was following; how he had surmised instantly that an accidental exchange might have been made, and had followed this young fellow—yourself, of course—to the place where he lived; how he had secured a good look at him; how he had then called up the Rev. Peter Walmsly by phone in order to draw from him, by some means or other, his plans for the next twelve hours; how he had been informed by a domestic's voice that the Rev. Walmsly had just been called by an urgent telegram to Burlington, Iowa, and would be gone three days.

"His subsequent story seems to show how an Oriental balks at nothing. He told me how he had procured safe-blowers' instruments and had entered the Rev. Walmsly's house near midnight; how he could not find the black valise; how he had gone ahead and blown the safe, thus getting hold of the thing he was after; how he had opened it up and discovered to his chagrin that it was full of collars and cuffs, combs and brushes, and similar articles. It was your valise, Jim, and of course there was no skull in it.

"Chang then told me how he had discovered a card of the real owner and how he had called him up on the telephone in the minister's study. What nerve that yellow devil must have had, Jim, to stand right there and calmly use the phone after blowing the safe! He told me how he had requested this James Calthorpe to bring the valise to 1020 Lake Shore Drive, which you, Jim, foolishly agreed to do. He told me how he had hurried over to this number, and, finding that it was a tenantless house, had secreted himself in the vestibule instead of at the side of the lawn as he would have had to do otherwise. You came, Jim. He struck you down. He got away with the satchel, after all.

"But, Jim, the trickiness of the Asiatic had to crop out at last. He's double-crossed me! He claims that the second valise was absolutely empty. That's all, Jim—I don't know what's going to become of me." He rose nervously and began to pace the floor.

IT WAS now my turn to speak and I did so, watching the lined face of my employer with more pity than I believed it possible for me to feel for an actual self-confessed murderer.

"Well, Mr. Pelton," I said slowly, "this is a mighty rotten business—all the way thru. Of course the Chinaman double-crossed you, for I myself was the last person to see the skull—and it was then in the satchel. But the man who called up here tonight—this Milo Payne—has got it. Thru the kindness of your friend, Chang, it's gone back into his possession again. This time, he's going to profit by it instead of turning it over to some one else. Now I'm going to marry Doris—that's certain. I don't intend to lose the only girl I ever cared for—on account of you. As for yourself, the only thing for you to do now is to go away—to South America—to South Africa—as far away as you can get. But we've got to get back this evidence; we've got to save you from the law.

"For Doris' sake—I'm willing to thwart justice. As I told you, this man, Milo Payne, phoned tonight. I answered the phone, pretending that I was yourself. While his voice was hoarse, and parts of his conversation were difficult to make out for that reason, there was one statement that was mighty plain. That was his demand for ten thousand dollars. So it's up to you. I'll be the go-between—and if the Chink is lurking behind some bush in Washington Square—then we may lose both the evidence and the cash. Have you got the money?"

Without a word he crossed the room. With trembling fingers he twirled the combination dial of the safe. Presently the massive iron door swung open. He inserted one hand and then withdrew it, holding a narrow packet of bills.

"It's blood money, Jim," he groaned. "I've had the amount locked in the strong box for the last five years. It's exactly my share of poor Phil Walmsly's stealings from the Berkely State Bank!"

CHAPTER X.
A REVELATION.

WASHINGTON SQUARE is a small public park on Chicago's north side. By day it is occupied chiefly by nursemaids and their charges who come there to enjoy a breath of clean, moist, grass-scented air. But by night—no one knows who occupies it, for the simple reason that the city authorities—from a false sense of economy, perhaps—have never placed any lights in the square. Hence, with the dozens and dozens of tall trees, and the immense bushes with their thick foliage, all is gloom and darkness. The only thing visible to the eye on moonless nights is the central fountain's faint reflection of the two illuminated gate posts of the old Union Club on Washington Place; here and there, sometimes, the glowing end of a cigar can be seen.

So, when I dismounted from a Clark street car at nine o'clock and made my way rapidly to the northeast entrance of the square, I gazed rather dubiously toward its black interior. In one pocket was the ten thousand dollars which Roger Pelton had given me to redeem the skull; in another, so I congratulated myself, was the six-shooter which I had been carrying ever since the night I had been treacherously struck down on Lake Shore Drive.

For a moment I paused at the corner of the square. I looked rather longingly in the direction of an arc-light on the opposite side of the street, which managed to throw a few sickly rays over the first ten or twelve feet of the walk that led to the center of the square. Then, since I had gone thus far with the project, I shut my teeth together and proceeded down the cement path, which, as I remembered, terminated at the fountain. A damp wind was blowing in from the lake; this, together with the absence of any moon, made the night seem immeasurably chilly. And from the absence of any subdued conversation or glowing cigar ends, I was fully aware that the square was practically deserted.

Twenty feet from the entrance I came across the first bench. An empty space of eight or nine feet followed. Then the second bench. At the third one, however, I found that I had progressed far enough inside so that it was no longer possible, from a distance of several feet, to distinguish a bench from a bush. So I moved over to one edge of the path and groped with my hand as I walked. Thus I passed the fourth bench, the fifth bench, the sixth bench, and then—I stopped, for, from the seventh, came a man's voice, muffled by its own hoarseness, the same voice that had talked to me over the phone an hour before.

"Looking for any one, friend?"

"Yes," I replied, "I'm looking for a Milo Payne."

"Sit down. I'm Milo Payne."

I felt around me in the vicinity of my knees and finally found the bench on which he was seated. I sunk down on one end of it and leaned back against its cold, damp back-rest, waiting for him to speak. After a violent and unsuccessful attempt to clear his throat, he addressed me again:

"I take it you've come from Roger Pelton. I can tell by your voice that you're a young man. What's his answer?"

"What answer did you expect?" I equivocated.

"I knew full well, friend," he returned, "that there would be but one answer to my proposition—and that answer would be cash. Have you got it?"

"Yes," I said, "I've got it." Fumbling in my pocket, I drew forth my revolver which I gripped in my right hand. "But, Mr. Milo Payne, I've got something else with me. I don't exactly profess to be a crack shot in the darkness—but I've got a pretty fair notion, from the direction of your voice and the extent of the bench, where you are. It happens that I have in my hand a six-shooter aimed in your general direction—and you're going to hand over that evidence—for which you'll receive nothing. Why, you dirty blackmailer," I went on, "do you and the Chinaman, Chang, expect to walk off with ten thousand dollars of Roger Pelton's money? I know all about his story. But there's nothing in it which serves to show that there's anything due you. So kindly disgorge."

A tremendous vibration of the bench caused me at once to suspect that, instead of being impressed by my threats, he was engaged in silent mirth. I waited uneasily until it had subsided. Then I heard him reply:

"I beg of you, friend, don't make me laugh. When one is afflicted with a cold such as I have, any violent emotion may easily provoke a coughing spell. And did you think for an instant that I would be sitting with the skull on my lap, waiting to have it politely taken away from me? Well—hardly!"

"Then," I remarked pointedly, "you're not even square in your crookedness. While I've come with the ten thousand dollars, you have nothing to give in exchange for it."

"Then you actually have that sum with you?" he croaked.

"Yes—but no monkey business," I warned. "I'm armed—remember that."

"I presume, then, that we exchange," he insisted.

"Evidently the skull is lying hidden under some nearby bush?"

"Quite right—quite right," he returned. "That's precisely the situation. An admirable guess on your part."

"For this reason," I said, "I'll deal with you. Roger Pelton may be guilty of the worst crime in the calendar—on account of which fact, you—and, I suppose, this Chinaman, Chang Li Sen—are going to profit by the tune of ten thousand dollars. And here's my reason. I'm expecting to marry Roger Pelton's daughter. It would break her spirit and spoil her happiness for life if she knew the truth. On account of that, alone, I'd have paid you the sum you ask, even if it had been my own money—and all I had in the world."

"But you've got that sum—from Roger Pelton himself?" he persisted doggedly.

"For the thousandth time, yes," I replied.

"Then listen. I'm going to tell you a story—not a long one, either—and when I'm finished, not only will you voluntarily place that money in my hand and be glad of the opportunity to do so, but you'll be able to marry this girl with your head erect—and to keep it erect for the rest of your life."

"And what strange narrative can accomplish such miracles as those?" I asked bitterly.

"Listen," he said. "Phil Walmsly was never murdered. There's no such person as Milo Payne. You're talking now to Phil Walmsly himself!"

CHAPTER XI.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"WHY—why——" I stammered, "how can that be—why man, I've seen the skull of——"

"No matter what you've seen," he replied, a little testily, "I tell you again that Phil Walmsly is talking to you right now. I'm——"

"But," I broke in. "Roger Pelton told me the story of those early years, including the details of that camping trip, the exchange of the money belts, the trip in the canoe, the shot fired directly in the back of Phil Walmsly, how do you explain those facts? To my mind they're incontrovertible. They're——"

He commenced clearing his throat again. Succeeding finely in regaining the semblance of a voice, he began to talk with apparent difficulty.

"It's just those incontrovertible facts in life that are most deceptive. It's just those facts that hang men every year. And it's just those facts that would have placed Roger Pelton in the shadow of the gallows. But he would never have hung, for, long before that time, in order to have me come forward and save his worthless life, he would have paid over to some attorney of my own choosing, the price I asked tonight. Now I'm going to talk to you. My throat is badly swollen and my voice is hoarse—ever since this sudden change in the weather yesterday. So if I delay the story here and there, just be patient with me.

"So Roger Pelton told you about those early days of his and my life? In that case he must have informed you that I was an embezzler from the Berkely State Bank of this city; if he did, his statement was true. A week before I started on my vacation—that strangest of all vacations—I was a trifle under ten thousand dollars short in my accounts—the usual thing, you see—the fast life of the city.

"But I had no intention of being caught and going to prison. In fact, I never intended to return from that camping trip, for I had constructed a complete plan for making it appear that I had been drowned. And, by the peculiar irony of chance, Roger helped my plans without knowing that he had done so.

"There was one thing, tho, that had to be covered up before I could turn over my accounts to the man who was to act as cashier in my absence, and start on that trip to the North Woods. That one thing was my deficit of nearly ten thousand dollars. This, however, turned out to be easier than I had expected. It happened that, in the vault at this time, was a sealed and signed package containing thirty thousand dollars in five-hundred dollar bills—a package which had been set aside for a special purpose. To a man as harassed by financial difficulties as myself, it was a comparatively simple feat to prepare a duplicate packet with facsimile seals and forged signatures. I substituted it for the genuine one, three days before my departure on my vacation. With the thirty thousand dollars it contained, I balanced my accounts perfectly, and, in addition, had twenty thousand dol-

VITALITY AND THE GLANDS

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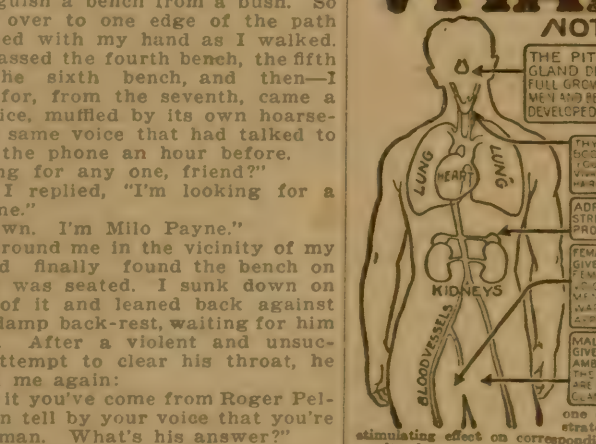
THE PITUITARY GLAND DEVELOPS FULL GROWN MANLY MEN AND BEAUTIFULLY DEVELOPED WOMEN
THYROID GLAND CONTROLS BODY FAT, MAKES WOMEN YOUTHFUL, CURBS M AND
ADRENAL GLANDS GIVE STRENGTH BY MAINTAINING PROPER BLOOD PRESSURE
FEMALE GLAND SECRETIONS GIVE WOMEN THAT LOVELY FEMININE FIGURE, SOFT GRACE AND CHARM WHICH MEN ADORE. THESE GLANDS WARD OFF THAT AGED APPEARANCE
MALE REPRODUCTIVE GLANDS GIVE SOLDIERLY COURAGE, AMBITION AND LEADERSHIP THE GREAT MEN IN HISTORY ARE SAID TO HAVE HAD GREAT GLANDULAR VITALITY
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Million dollar publishing [illegible] advertising campaign and will give away [illegible] model $950 Overland Touring Car, fully equipped, [illegible] and war tax paid; also many other fine prizes and cash awards. Don't envy others—you can ride in your own new car in exchange for a little pleasant effort. No experience or hard work necessary. Our plan so liberal and easy that former winners were surprised they won. Use for profit your spare time that would otherwise be wasted.

Find the Faces in This Picture

In the scenery around the automobile are six partly hidden faces. If you can find four of them, mark them with a cross (X) and send this advertisement to us as directed below. For doing this we will credit you with 2,000 Votes free toward winning the Overland Automobile, and in addition you will receive a beautiful surprise present which you will delight in owning.

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The thing of first importance is to send your answer to the puzzle, together with 4c in stamps AT ONCE for packing, mailing and free surprise present. You will then receive our big Auto Winning Outfit with complete details of our plan: 3 big papers worth 20c; a free surprise present of three beautiful postcards; and 2,000 Votes toward the Auto for solving the puzzle. Send your answer TODAY.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. O-3, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn Street, Ch[illegible]

ars over. This I divided into two equal amounts. One division I placed in a chamois-skin money belt; the other I placed in an oil-skin wallet which, so far, had carried nothing more precious than a photograph.

On our second day in the North Woods, Roger and I went in swimming. After we had dressed, we loaded up our canoe preparatory to starting up the river and making a new camp. On our way, I sat in the prow of the canoe, paddling, of course, and Roger sat in the stern. Directly——'"

His voice gave out for a moment. After a brief pause, however, he resumed:

"Directly in front of me and a little to my left, was a large bran-new dish-pan, turned in such a way that its polished bottom reflected the scenery behind me. I was gazing at it with no particular idea in doing so, pondering over one or two details of the scheme I had prepared for making it appear that I had been drowned.

"To my consternation, I suddenly noticed the reflection of Roger, raising his rifle and leveling it directly toward my back. The first thing that came over me was the thought that his jealousy of Doris Penfield, the girl with whom both of——"

"Oh!" I broke in, "and that accounts, then, for the picture signed 'Doris' which was found in the Palmer House after you left there?"

"Yes," he replied, "for twenty years I carried with me the picture of Doris Penfield—the girl whom Roger afterward married. Well, to continue, I heard the warning click of the rifle hammer as it slowly raised. I knew absolutely that the second click would mean my death. Quick as a flash—a bare instant before the report—I tumbled sideways from the canoe—found myself sucked instantly into a great body of swirling water—and carried downstream around a bend of the river. By means of swimming desperately I managed to keep afloat until I reached a stretch of quiet water. There, I paddled easily to the bank. The first thing I did, of course, was to feel for my wallet. Its contents, currency and photograph, were safe. Then I searched in my money belt. To my chagrin, I found about forty-five dollars in it. For Roger, you see, now had the belt with the ten thousand.

"There was no doubt in my mind then what his motive had been for attempting to kill me. But it was too late for me to go back and denounce him, since he now had the facts in his possession that I was carrying on my person ten thousand dollars which didn't belong to me. To go back meant certain imprisonment—in spite of anything that I might have done to Roger.

"So I made my way 'cross country on foot. After securing a hat from an old scarecrow, I commenced beating my way on freights. In this manner, I reached Detroit, about a week later. There I purchased a complete new outfit and, at the same time, got access in the public library to some old Chicago papers which told of my death by drowning and described how my accounts at the bank proved to be thirty thousand dollars short. But—and this is important—I found no mention whatever made of any restitution on the part of Roger. He had remained silent about the ten thousand—which was of course to be expected.

"THE following day I crossed the Detroit River into Canada. Here I breathed a little easier. Inside of a week I was on an ocean liner bound from the Provinces to England. I reached London safely, settled down under the name of Milo Payne in a suburb, and tried to forget that I was a thief, a man who had fled the United States with money which would have to be made good by the bank's directors. But forgetting turned out to be more difficult than I had anticipated. So, in an attempt to find something to engross my mind, I took up the study of medicine—a science which had always interested me—at the famous College of Physicians and Surgeons.

"But my heart wasn't in my work—and reason enough. My conscience had begun to trouble me. Already I was forming a vague determination to get together, in some manner or other, that stolen thirty thousand dollars and make restitution to the Berkely State Band across the ocean. But—and here was the rub—Roger had gotten one-third of that loot. I knew that if I should ever show up with two-thirds of it, my story about his attempted murder of me would be laughed at. And, from a knowledge of him gained thru a lifetime acquaintance, I realized that he would never disgorge from a mere sense of justice and fairness.

"It happened that one day in a lecture upon cerebral operations, an idea—a startlingly unique idea—took hold of me. And this was it: When I was a youth of about 21, I suffered what is known as an intradural hemorrhage, thru a tumble for an old-fashioned high bicycle. Coma set in. I was removed to a hospital. A Chicago surgeon of high standing—Dr. Horace Prior—finally removed a piece of my skull, drained the hemorrhage, and, in place of the disc of bone, substituted a silver plate. He then stitched the scalp together over the region where he had operated. Now—if a skull having such a plate should ever be found near the point where Roger and I had camped years before, with a bullet hole in it, and a lead pellet in the brain cavity, it would prove that Roger's story had been a lie—especially if near the skeleton—of which that skull was a part—was found a notebook wrapped in oilskin and bearing my name inscribed on the inside cover. As I look back on it now, it seems to me that the scheme formed in my mind in less than three seconds.

"The first thing that I did was to write to the New York Medical Society, inclosing an express order and requesting all the works and monographs of Dr. Horace Prior. Among several books which were sent to me across the water was one slender little pamphlet containing the records of fifty of his successful operations, together with photographs of the various stages as taken in the operating-room. Among these fifty I recognized my own case—by its history, by my initials, by my age at the time, and lastly by the date. And, included among that data, was something that was very valuable to me—a photograph of my own skull, trepan plate in place, ready for the scalp to be sewn together.

"Now, for a medical student, it's no great task to secure a skull of any age whatever. After enlarging this particular photograph in Dr. Prior's pamphlet-work, I took accurate measurements of the plate, the inscription, the location, and so forth. This done, I was ready to proceed with my task. Since in 1896—the year in which I had been on the operating table—the electric trephine saw was not invented, I required no such instrument. I purchased a cranial drill, a Gigli wire saw, and a pair of Rongeurs forceps. With these implements—while alone in my room, of course—I made my drill holes in the skull, passed thru them the Gigli wire saw, and cut away the bone from within outward. You see, I was adhering strictly to the technique of the original operation; I dared not risk a flaw. My silver plate I made by squaring off and smoothing with the file an American half-dollar. Surprising as it sounds, coins are used in most instances by surgeons all over the world when metal trepan plates have been decided upon. After driving it tightly in place, I scratched on it an inscription which was a facsimile of that shown in Dr. Prior's work.

"After taking the skull out to the country and sending a rifle ball thru the bone from a distance of fourteen feet, I had all my properties for the little drama which has been played this last week. By by no means was I ready to use them yet. The big task that now remained was to get together the sum I had stolen—minus, of course, that part of it which Roger had appropriated. Until this was accomplished, nothing could be done. How did I achieve this?

"I gave up the study of medicine at the end of my sophomore year, for I now had an ambition—a real ambition—at last. And, too, I saw that the chance of attaining a lucrative practice in medicine and surgery was slim—far too slim to suit my purpose. And with something over fifty-five hundred dollars to my name, I returned to New York.

"Slowly, year after year, by stringent self-denial, by saving, by investing a little, by foregoing the expensive pleasures of life, by shutting my eyes to luxuries, I accumulated money. That one desire became an obsession with me—to make good with the Berkely State Bank—to be able to walk the streets once more with a clear conscience.

"After fifteen years, knowing that it would be impossible for anyone who had ever known me to recognize me, I came to Chicago in order that I might study Roger Pelton at closer range. Thus, several years passed. By adding dollar to dollar, I came nearer the coveted amount. And finally—a week ago—I added the last five-dollar bill to my accumulation, which now brought it up exactly to twenty thousand dollars. It was then up to me either to slave for about ten more years—or else to get the balance of the sum from the man who had, to all intents and purposes, stolen it from me.

"IT DID not require much thinking on my part to come to a decision. This decision consisted of following to a tee the plan I had made in London, years before. For this reason I took a trip a week ago to Rapid River, Michigan, where I spent three or four enjoyable days with fishing rod and rifle, looking over the scenes. From there I mailed a letter to my only brother, Peter, signing it Milo Payne. In it I stated that I was an Englishman touring the States. I also informed him that I had accidentally come across a skeleton, lying in some underbrush. I added that the skull of this skeleton, in addition to having shown signs of an old surgical operation, also bore a bullet hole lying about a half inch under the spot where the surgeon's saw had been used. I told him that I had found a flattened lead pellet inside the brain cavity and a note book bearing, among other things, his name. In closing, I informed him that I would be at the Palmer House, in Chicago, on the following Monday and would be pleased to turn the most important articles over to him. And I suggested, also, that he bring with him a valise for the skull alone.

"He came to the Palmer House and accepted the articles bitterly. He didn't recognize me, of course, since almost twenty years had elapsed. In fact, he himself was so changed that I would not have known him had I met him on the street. He gave me a brief history of the events that had followed his brother's disappearance and he also declared that for twenty years he had disbelieved the story which Roger Pelton had brought back from the canoeing trip. He then announced his intention of placing the whole matter in the hands of the State's Attorney and of prosecuting Roger Pelton to the utmost extent.

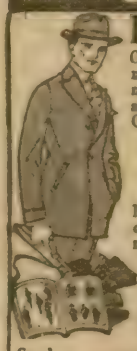
"He left. My work completed, I departed from the Palmer House, carelessly leaving behind me, however, the photograph that I possessed of the girl whom Roger and I had loved—but whom Roger had married. But my poor brother never got the satchel to his rooms—for a certain young fellow accidentally made an exchange on the Clark street car. And the following day, the newspapers

(Concluded on Page 23.)

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.

A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

Clothing Agents



Profits in Advance

Our new selling plan is the greatest money-making idea of the age! You make the sale—collect the deposit—and keep it as your profit. No waiting. Old agents have doubled their profits.

Complete Outfit Sent FREE

No deposit required for big sample outfit. If you are experienced salesman, we'll send everything Free. Take 2 orders a day—that's easy and it means $75.00 a week profit for you. The Great Western Tailoring Co. the old reliable house, est. 20 years. Express prepaid. Prices for Fall reduced. Everything guaranteed. Send no money—just write a letter telling your experience—what you have sold. We'll ship big sample outfit Free—all charges prepaid. Act quickly.

Great Western Tlg. Co.

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Stop Pyorrhea

Save Your Teeth Before It Is Too Late

"AMOSOL"—The New Scientific Discovery kills Pyorrhea germs and heals gums quickly. Sold under a guarantee. Sore or bleeding gums and loose teeth are sure signs of dangerous Pyorrhea and lead to *loss of teeth,* Rheumatism, Kidney trouble and Neuritis. ***Don't let it go until it is too late.*** Take it in hand at once before the poisonous pus has had a chance to carry some perilous disease into your system.

Read What Users Say About Amosol

Better Than Dentist's Treatment

"I am very much pleased with the results of my first bottle of **Amosol** and I am sending this order for two more bottles. I had my gums treated by my dentist last year for a month. He treated them twice a week at a dollar a treatment and didn't do them as much good as half a bottle of **Amosol**. I am telling my friends about **Amosol** and what it will do. Mrs. L. M. LEWIS"

Wishes to Continue Treatment

I am almost through with the first bottle of **Amosol** that you sent me some time ago, and I wish to continue your remedy. I am enclosing a check. I am glad to say that your remedy is doing me good
MRS. J. N. PAGLIORIEL, Milwaukee, Wis.

Has Sample Sent to Friend

Many thanks for your very generous sample. I am sending for a large bottle today, it has relieved my teeth already, and I feel very pleased. Will you please send a sample to a friend of mine.
Mrs. F. A. D. MRS. M. R. BOOEN.

Dentist Glad to Get Amosol

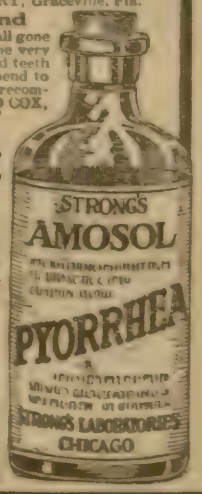
"I had just been to the dentist before **Amosol** arrived. The dentist said I had pus pockets under my teeth. I have used **Amosol** only six days and there is a great difference. My dentist is delighted to get such a good and easy treatment for the teeth.
GRACE PIELRASEH, Turner Falls, Mass."

A Blessing to Mankind

I want to say that your **Amosol** medicine is a blessing to mankind. I sure did appreciate the sample which you sent me. Just that much has helped my gums wonderfully! I have a cousin who has the awful disease bad. She also ordered a sample from you, and she praises your medicine highly. I am almost sure one bottle would cure my gums, for it has just started at work.
MALA VICKERY, Graceville, Fla.

Amosol a God-Send

"My first bottle of **Amosol** is all gone and I am sure it has helped me very much. My gums are better and teeth tighter. I think it is a God-send to Pyorrhea Sufferers, and I'll recommend it to all. MRS. EDMOND COX, Tupelo, Miss."



Free Trial Treatment

25c Size Bottle Free

It costs you absolutely nothing. You are under no obligation whatever. We want you to be convinced that **Amosol** will quickly rid you of dangerous Pyorrhea and ***save your teeth before it is too late.***

Delays Are Dangerous

Write today for free trial treatment. Thousands sending. Simply send your name and address and say: "I want to try **Amosol**."

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SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐

Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

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W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose _____. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name _____ St. or R.F.D. _____

Town _____ State _____

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

An Old One Dug Up.

"Say, Bunny, why didn't yuh tell me thet hoss you sold me had th' heaves?"

"Wall, Hi, it's like this: Th' man't sold me th' hoss didn't say nothin', an' th' hoss didn't say nothin', an' I jes natchelly thought it was a secret!"

Dangerous.

"I heard so much about your wild West," remarked the foreign visitor. "Show me one of your dangerous characters."

"The prosperous-looking man you see getting out of that motor car across the street is one."

"Not a cowboy, surely?"

"No. He's an oil promoter."

Capable Bird.

Customer—Waiter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained.

Waiter—A little bird, sir?

Customer—Yes, a swallow.

A PARTICULAR LADY

"I'm 'avin' me tooth out tomorrow."

"Goin' to 'ave gas?"

"I should think so! You don't get me sitting in the dark wif no dentist!"

A Little Nation.

"What's the population of your country?"

"Five million."

"Why, you maintain an army of 600,000 men."

"Well, we have to provide some diversion for our king. He doesn't care much about golf or motoring."

Heroic Measures.

"You and your husband go away every summer, don't you?"

"Yes, but I dislike doing it."

"Then why do you go?"

"I have to have Tom live in a stuffy hotel for a few weeks every year to make him appreciate the way I keep house."

SOLID IVORY

YOUR WIFE IS ALWAYS AT WORK - AND YOU SEEM TO BE ALWAYS IDLE - DO YOU DO NOTHING TO SUPPORT YOUR HOME?
YES SIR - SOMETIMES I LEANS AGIN IT!

FRESH EGGS

GROCERS are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Mr Jones was no exception to the rule. A lady came into his shop to buy some eggs.

"Are they really fresh?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" he answered.

"Are you quite sure, because I'm so frightened of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh."

"Boy!" called out the grocer to his assistant, "just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough to sell."

A Wise Banker and Father.

Friend—How could you let your daughter become engaged to your cashier? Do you think it quite—er—suitable?

Banker—Well, you see, if he takes it into his head to bolt with the cash my daughter will be well provided for.

The Cross-examination.

Judge—How long have you lived here?

Prisoner—Ten years, off and on.

Judge—How long did you say you have been on the "water wagon?"

Prisoner—Since prohibition.

Judge—Off and on, too, I suppose?

Not Far.

Old Lady—Oh, captain, I'm so sick? How far are we from land?

Captain—About four miles, lady.

Old Lady—In what direction?

Captain (pointing)—Straight down, lady.

Sagacity.

Junkman—Any rags, paper, old iron?

Householder (angrily)—No, my wife's away.

Junkman—Any bottles?

MISSED THE SIGHTS

"EXCUSE me, sir," said the small man, "but have you ever had delirium tremens?"

"Have I ever had what?" asked his companion.

"Delirium tremens," the small man said firmly—or, rather, as firmly as anybody can say delirium tremens who is more familiar with its symptoms than its pronunciation.

"Certainly not," replied his companion. "I never had delirium tremens in my life."

"Then," the small man declared positively, "you ain't been nowheres and you ain't seen nothing."

An Appropriate Title.

Perkins—I wonder why they named this picture theater the Beehive?

Parkin—Have you ever seen any of their pictures?

"Never."

"Well, if you ever do you'll know the reason, all right, because after each one you feel as tho you'd been stung!"

Services in Demand.

"How rich is Mr. Wadleigh?""

"He must have a great deal of money."

"Yes."

"I understand he has been invited by a number of candidates to become the master mechanic of their political machines."

Stirring Up the Animals.

"This looks to me like a pretty wild country."

"It's tame enough," said the mountaineer, "till a bunch of them dry agents come snoopin' around here. Then it gits middlin' wild."

Stakes Were Too Small.

"Grisby called me a liar yesterday and I told him that for two cents I'd whip him."

"Did he give you the money?"

"No; he had nothing but a postage stamp. I never take stamps."

One-way Classics.

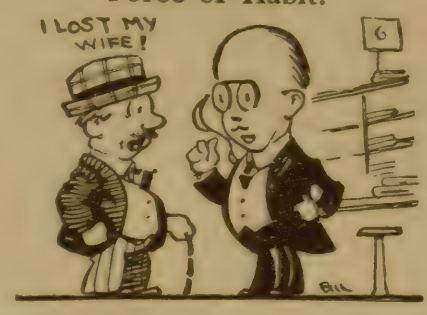
"Do you admire the classics?"

"Very much," replied Miss Cayenne; "only I don't think classic literature is getting its fair chance at public attention as compared with classic dancing."

MISLEADING APPLAUSE.

The orator the public notes
And to applause is stirred;
And yet some chap will get the votes
Who scarcely said a word!

Force of Habit.



"Something I can do for you, sir?" said the floorwalker to the man anxiously looking up and down every aisle.

"Well, yes," answered the man; "I seem to have lost my wife."

"Third floor, third aisle," said the floorwalker, "you'll find a full line of mourning goods there."

A Little Bit of Blarney.

Mistress—Maggie, I can't have you entertaining policemen in the kitchen.

Maggie—Sure, mum, an' it's a big heart ye have. I was sayin' to Michael O'Flinn only last night that if I'd spake th' word ye'd let us have th' drawin' room.

Foreseeing.

"Well," said the lawyer, "what shall we ask for—trial by judge or by jury?"

"Take the judge, Doc," said the plumber client. "I've done plumbing work for nearly everybody in this town and a jury would be twelve times as prejudiced as a judge."

Spoiled His Plan.

Green (new to country life)—Where are those duck eggs I brought home yesterday?

Mrs. Green—I put them under the hen.

Green—Under the hen? Good heavens! And I wanted to hatch out ducks from those eggs.

There's a Reason.

Flora—I won't marry a man who won't look me straight in the eye when he's talking to me.

Dora—Then wear 'em longer, dearie.

AT THE DANCE

JONES meant well, but somehow he was always putting his foot in it.

At a dance he was presented to a young woman whose proportions were anything but meager. Jones asked her for a dance.

"I am only free for the two-step," she replied, "and I cannot pledge myself for that, because I'm afraid my people will be leaving before it comes off."

Jones thought he saw a chance of a compliment, and said:

"Oh, how empty the room will seem when you have gone!"

Passing Moods.

"A man in your position must study the passing moods of the people."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and he must look out for the moods that pass so quickly, that he'll have to revise the speeches he made in the spring in order to stand a chance of being elected in the fall."

Still an Outsider.

Long—I dined at my fiancee's home yesterday.

Short—I suppose they regard you as one of the family by now, don't they?

"Not exactly. They haven't reached the point where they shriek at me if I make a spot on the tablecloth."

Penalizing Pronunciation.

"What's the price of this vase?" asked the new salesman.

"Twenty dollars," replied the proprietor. "Did the lady ask for a vase or a 'varz?'"

"A 'varz.'"

"Fifty dollars."

Simply as a Favor.

"You used to say that one term of office would satisfy you."

"It did," replied Senator Sorghum. "My first term satisfied me. I accepted the others simply to avoid disappointing my loyal and trustful constituency."

One Who Knows.

Gertie—We women bear pain better than men.

Bertie—Who told you that—your doctor?

Gertie—No; my shoemaker.

Moving Saves Money.

She—Every flat we move into is smaller than the preceding one.

He—That helps us to meet the rent. We can sell off some furniture instead of having to buy more.

Willie Did His Best.

Teacher—Willie, who was Cyclops?

Willie—Please, teacher, he was the man who wrote the cyclopedia.

Voice on the Wire.

(Concluded From Page 21.)

reported Peter's death in a train wreck near Burlington, Iowa.

"Now I could go on with this story—but my throat is rapidly giving out on me. Without further explanation on my part, do you see the justice of my stand? Do you see why that ten thousand dollars in your possession should pass back into my hands? Have I made it all plain? Have I shown you that I'm not a blackmailer—that I'm only a man who is trying to get right with the world again?"

His story had amazed me and, at the same time, delighted me. It was evident now that Doris could never suffer the shame of being called a murderer's daughter. But there was still one obscurity which puzzled me—and another matter upon which I wished to be assured. So I spoke up quickly:

"Yes, I'm willing to admit that this money belongs to you—providing that you're going to restore it to the Berkely State Bank as you claim. But there are two things in regard to which I want to be satisfied. The first is this:

"How will you assure me that you are actually going to restore this cash—together with that which you say you've saved—to the rightful owner, the bank? The second is as follows:

"How did this careful and unique example of workmanship—this trepanned skull—pass back into your hands, thru which accident you evidently decided to proceed yourself and extract the money from Roger Pelton, the original scheme having gone wrong thru a whole host of circumstances. There was a Chinaman, employed by Roger Pelton to get possession of this skull. He tricked the young fellow—who, by the way, happens to be myself—into going to a vacant house on Lake Shore Drive at one o'clock in the morning. The rest is too painful to describe—for me, at any rate. The Chinaman, with the persuasion of a leather blackjack, walked off with the valise. In his telephone message to Roger Pelton this morning, he claimed that the satchel was empty. How do you explain that?"

"Both of your questions," he replied, "can be practically answered without words on my part. Strike a match if you have one."

I fumbled instantly for one as he continued talking.

"You see," he went on, "long before you filled your appointment on Lake Shore Drive, the skull had been removed by a visitor at your rooms who recognized, by a long peculiar scratch on the satchel, that it was no other than the one that Peter Walmsly had brought with him to the Palmer House. Believing that you had not yet discovered the exchange, he took immediate measures to regain——"

I drew the match sharply across the wooden seat of the bench. With a hiss and a splutter, it flared up. I held it above me and surveyed the man to whom I had been talking all the while in the darkness.

It was my friend, John Barr!

Roger Pelton died six months later of an acute illness. But to the very last, however, he seemed to be overjoyed in the knowledge that Phil Walmsly was alive. The latter—or John Barr, as I shall always be compelled to think of him—restored the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the Berkely State Bank who cheerfully—I might almost say vociferously—agreed to waive the interest on the sum for all those past years. And—on the day that the firm name became "Pelton & Calthorpe"—I married Doris, just as I had hoped to do ever since the moment I first met her. And today there is a very little Doris who makes it a point to climb on my knee at bed time every night and demand a good-night story.

As for Chang—he dropped from sight altogether. A week ago, a tong war on West Harrison street, according to the newspaper accounts, left a dead Chinaman lying in the middle of the street. I took the time to go down to the morgue and look him over. A long scar on his cheek caught my eye instantly. It was Chang, all right, and he had played his last card in the game that had always proven to be such a fascination for him—the game of deviltry.

THE END.

A Singular Elopement

(Continued From Page 2)

She turned and stalked, dry-eyed from the room, full of raging anger and rebellion.

Across the ornate mahogany table with its elaborate lunch-set, Ambrose Holland regarded his daughter critically. He had expected her to remain in her room and sulk as was her habit after one of his bludgeonings, but the luncheon hour brought her punctually. The old man peered keenly at her carmine cheeks. "Taken my advice," he grunted.

Reubena raised her eyebrows. She looked directly at her father. There was no smouldering fire in her eyes this time. Her gaze was clear and unfathomable. Her mouth was no longer sullen, but her lips were firmly set.

"Father," she began, "I think I would like to give a party."

The old man peered at her again over his glasses. "Good! You're coming! What else?"

"I need some new clothes."

"A party frock?"

"Yes, and some pretty dresses."

The Major smiled. He was not averse to spending money if it was going to make a show. "Order anything you like and send the bill to me," he offered.

"I would like some jewels, too."

"What sort of jewels?"

"A diamond necklace, principally. I've never had any jewels to speak of. I think diamonds would suit me."

"They would," put in Aunt Climena. "They would suit your style. Your mother never cared for jewels and I could never afford them." Aunt Climena sighed.

"You've started in pretty top-lofty, my girl, but never mind! I'll go to Tiffany's with you this afternoon, and we'll look at gew-gaws."

Warmed by Reubena's apparent surrender to his wishes in the matter of dolling-up, the Major came down handsomely in the line of jewels. Reubena returned home with a splendid diamond necklace, a gorgeous ruby ring, fit for a sultana, and several other trinkets. For the first time in her life the girl looked happy.

"If you cared so much for jewelry why didn't you say so before," squealed Aunt Climena.

"I've just found out what I do want, Aunt Climena," returned her niece cryptically.

The party was a brilliant affair. An expensive orchestra fluted behind a screen of palms and azalias. Everywhere the ugly and ornate furnishings of the Holland mansion were smothered with garlands and exotic bloom. The irascible Major had become the genial host; Aunt Climena's rasping tones were larded with politeness. Reubena, in a honey-colored gown, displayed a lovely neck and shoulders against which the matchless diamonds twinkled in Scherezade splendor.

Granger Bell, Major Holland's lawyer, a man who preferred poetry to politics and had failed to amass wealth by neglecting to fleece the sheep who came to him for shearing, blinked hard at the dazzling gems and remarked to his supper partner, that he didn't know that Miss Holland went in for that sort of thing. He had believed her to be a second Dorothea Brooke.

"She is having a reaction, probably," argued his partner. "There is a certain amount of frivolity in every woman that is bound to come out sooner or later."

"Do you think so?" returned Bell.

The woman's next question came like a bomb. "Reubena should marry. Why don't you marry her, Mr. Bell?"

Granger jumped and nearly overturned the glass of water with which he was dallying. "She wouldn't look at me," he protested, trying to conceal his embarrassment with a laugh. "Besides I might only play Casaubon to her Dorothea Brooke, to continue the comparison."

"Reubena is awfully clever."

"That's it. She's beyond me. She reads Maeterlink, Ibsen, Strindberg and——"

"She reads them but she doesn't necessarily talk about them."

"My idea of a wife," he explained, "is a gentle, domestic creature, who knows how to make a fellow comfortable, and who doesn't expect him to work his intellect over time. I want to drop my legal mind along with my shoes and to put my mind as well as my feet into slippers after a hard day's work."

"I believe that Reubena is capable of developing most charming domestic qualities if she were placed in the right environment."

Bell dismissed the subject with, "I don't believe I know Miss Holland well enough to judge."

The Holland household slept late the following morning. Consequently the noon hour was long past when it was discovered that Reubena was not in the house. Her maid found her bed untouched, the honey-colored evening-dress tossed carelessly over the footboard. On the dressing-table lay the magnificent necklace shimmering in a serpentine coil. Its owner had not even taken the trouble to put it in its case. A search of the rooms showed that the other jewels were in their places. The new pretty gowns, except a few of the simplest, were hanging in the closet. One suitcase and traveling bag were missing.

Aunt Climena promptly developed hysteria. The Major roared like a Bashan bull. In the general pandemonium the tinkling of the postman's bell was unnoticed. In consequence of being the bearer of a special delivery letter he rang again. The second ring was regarded. The butler signed for and delivered the letter to the Major. The Major read it and turned a gorgeous cerise color, sizzled, spluttered like a Roman candle, and became speechless.

The letter read something like this: "I have decided to leave home. Don't make a fuss and don't hunt for me. I shall never come back. R. H."

When he was able to resume his command of the English language, the Major delivered an ultimatum. His daughter's name was never to be mentioned in his hearing. Aunt Climena, emerging from her hysteria, protested at the stern decree. "We must find her, Ambrose," she pleaded. "She can't have any money to speak of and she'll starve."

"Silence, woman!" thundered the Major. "I want her to starve."

In this manner did Reubena Holland apparently drop out of existence. Aunt Climena gave out that she had gone on an extended visit. Granger Bell was called upon to draw up a new will for the Major. In it he bequeathed an insignificant sum to his sister who had been a slave for him all his life, and for the remainder, he left instructions for the erection of a Home for Feeble-Minded to bear the name of Holland Hall. The whole tone of his will was sardonic and the final clause decreed that, "My daughter, Reubena, shall be permitted to occupy a suite of rooms designed for her use in the building, provided that she submits to the rules and regulations of the Home exactly as do the other inmates."

"Oh, but, Major Holland!" protested Mr. Bell.

The Major lifted his stick threateningly. "Not a word, young man! I refuse to be dictated to. If my daughter has acted like an idiot she must be treated like one. I am building the Home for her primarily. Otherwise she might starve."

Granger Bell threw down his pen. "Ill not draw up any such beastly document. Take it to some dirty shyster." He arose and glared at the old man.

"Whom do you think you are talking to?" demanded the Major.

"To a d—d brute?" retorted the lawyer.

"You—you—," stammered the Major, then grew speechless with rage.

Granger Bell handed the old man his hat and pushed him toward the door. Spluttering, swearing, purple with passion, the Major found himself on the outside.

Altho Major Holland made no effort to find his daughter, it was apparent that he missed her. He was more morose than ever, tho he swore less frequently and he spent long periods in ominous silence. The gorgeous necklace was returned to its case and the Major locked it up vindictively, as tho, somehow, it

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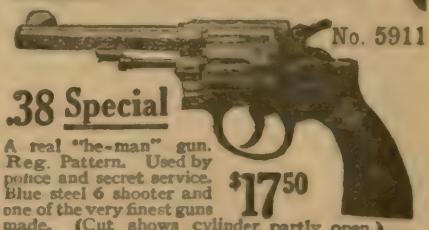
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was responsible for Reubena's unaccountable disappearance.

In the end the old man consulted a detective, but sub rosa. The man was unacquainted with the missing girl.

"We must find a motive for her going," he told the Major, after he had heard his story. "Sure there is no foul play?"

"Couldn't have been! There's the note and the baggage. 'Twas premeditated."

"Maybe an elopement! Had she a lover?"

"Not a smell of a one!" growled the Major.

"You never can tell. She might have had one and you may not have been aware of it. Perhaps she was tired of home and wanted to see the world."

"She'd no money."

"Are you sure?"

"She may have had a few dollars, but she took nothing of value with her.

"She might earn her living."

"She couldn't. She can't sew or cook. She doesn't know a typewriter from a phonograph. She couldn't tell the difference between Shorthand and Hebrew. She can't play, sing or act well enough to get paid for it."

"She may have gone to stay with relatives or friends."

The Major mentally checked off a list of probable or improbable aspirants for Reubena's visitations, but at no satisfactory results. He shook his head. "It's possible, but—it's the most reasonable thing you've suggested. I'll consult my sister and make out a list for you to investigate on the quiet."

Slowly and ponderously the Major took his departure, but was halted with his hand on the knob of the door by a parting remark from the lawyer, "After all I feel sure it's an elopement."

"The devil you do!" snapped the Major, slamming the door viciously.

RAMBLING toward the station in a pretty rural community one day, Granger Bell watched with a half-stirred interest the lights that were beginning to twinkle in one after another of the rows of cottages that lined the street. A woman with a baby in her arms was visible in an upper room. She came and sat down near the open window and began crooning a lullaby. It's soothing sweetness reached Bell faintly.

The woman lifted an arm to draw back the drapery and something in the gesture struck him as familiar. He stopped and stared at her. A fuzzy little head as it lay in the curve of her arm was all that was visible of the baby. The mother spirit seemed to emanate from the rapt face of the woman and envelop the child like a garment. Bell believed he had never seen so impressive a picture of maternal love. The severity of her heavily-coiled hair, and the simplicity of her dress, turned slightly away from perfect throat, accentuated the dignity of her appearance.

"How like and yet how unlike, Reubena Holland!" he thought.

The whistling of the train urged him to a run. He swung himself on board and buying an evening paper settled down to the study of the stock market. But stock quotations failed to interest him. The madonna flashed insistently upon him the conviction that the lovely mother woman was Reubena herself. Unwittingly he had stumbled upon the lost girl. The mystery was solved. Reubena had eloped.

"But with whom?" A queer feeling took possession of him. He felt himself squirming inwardly. But why? Reubena's radiantly happy face proved her contentment. Bell had never aspired to Reubena Holland. He had been dimly aware of her possibilities, had pitied her profoundly, but had never thought of love in connection with her.

The next question that popped into his head was, What should be done now that she was discovered? Should he notify her father? Very patently Reubena did not want herself discovered. He determined at last, to let the whole matter alone. What business was it of his anyway?

But Granger Bell could not let the matter alone. The thought of Reubena grew and grew. The result was that in a few days he found himself ringing the bell at the cottage where he had seen her. She answered the ring in person and he was shocked at the way her face whitened at sight of him. "So father has found me at last!" she cried. "You may tell him that I shall never come back, never!"

"I am not an emissary from your father," he told her. "I stumbled upon your whereabouts quite by accident, Miss Hol—I beg your pardon," he stammered.

Reubena noted his confusion, but did not understand the cause. She invited him in and after he was seated exclaimed, "I want you to see my darling baby? Oh!" suddenly becoming aware of the anomalousness of her position and blushing furiously, "I see! You thought that I—was married. Well, the fact is, I am not married, but I have adopted a baby."

"Oh." Granger Bell was surprised at his own emphatic tone of relief. He responded gallantly, "Of course I would like to see the baby!" In truth he had no further interest in the child. Reubena filled the whole horizon. She was beautiful, wonderful, and oh, joy of joys, single!

She was gone but a moment and returned with the baby lying in the curve of her arm as he had seen it first at the window. The child was about three months old. Bell didn't see anything wonderful about it tho he praised it perfunctorily. He felt almost a pang of jealousy. Why need she be so deuced enthusiastic over the child?

She carried the baby away at length and returned.

"Reubena," said Bell, sternly—he had never called her by her Christian name before—"Why did you run away?"

"Because," answered Reubena meekly, "poor father, Aunt Climena and the whole thing, was too much for me to endure. I wanted a home of my own and" hesitatingly "someone to love me."

"So there's a lover is there?" blankly.

"No, oh no!"

"Then may I ask, whom have you to love you?"

"Why," surprised, "the baby, of course!"

"Do you think that little bundle of fists, fuzz and muslin, loves you?"

"Certainly! He adores me already."

"But where do you get the money to pay for a cottage, a baby, and all of these luxuries?"

Reubena laughed. "Luxuries," she repeated. "I assure you it is all very inexpensive—even the baby. I have one maid, a young girl."

She stopped and a frightened expression passed over her face. "You must promise me you will not tell my father where I am."

"I promise."

She leaned over and whispered something in his ear.

He looked his admiration. "So that is where it comes from! You are the cleverest girl in the world!"

She smiled back at him delightedly, a smile that was maternal, embracing and wholly beneficent. A shrill wail from the chamber above broke the ensuing silence.

Reubena rose swiftly and held out her hand. "You must excuse me now; you see the baby needs feeding."

Bell scowled and then smiled ingratiatingly into the candid eyes that were on a level with his own, as he pleaded, "Now that I have found you, may I come again?"

Her voice was as candid as her eyes. "To be sure, if you care to." It does seem rather nice to see an old friend."

In his wooing of Reubena Granger Bell saw that he must be guarded. She either would not or did not see the trend of his visits, which he dared not make too frequent. He had never seen a woman who could so keep a man at arm's length and yet be cordial. The baby was the all-engrossing theme, like any young mother's.

"You coddle the little beggar too much," he blurted out one day.

She looked at him reproachfully.

He could bear it no longer. "Reubena," he cried, "I want you to come back to New York with me."

"Back to my father?" sharply.

"Is it possible you do not know what I want? Reubena, I want you to become Mrs. Granger Bell."

Reubena drew in her breath quickly. "Oh, you're joking. I never had an offer in my life. I'm so—so unattractive!"

"You are charming!"

"I am so plain!"

"You are beautiful!"

"I couldn't give up the baby!"

"You may——" with a sigh, "keep the baby."

She shook her head. "No, I should be back in the same old stifling atmosphere. I love my cottage, my flowers, my little maid, and my independence."

"But your money won't last forever." Reubena frowned.

"Besides the baby needs a father." Reubena considered.

"I have it," she conceded, "I will marry you if you will come here to live."

Suddenly a rural cottage, a foxglove bordered path, and commuting, seemed the most attractive things in the world.

"I'll do it!" cried Bell, taking the girl who had never been kissed into a strenuous embrace.

ONE day Granger Bell ran plump into his father-in-law. The broken old man, grown more tolerant with age and sorrow, gave him a friendly nod and Bell stopped a moment to speak to him. He had rather liked Major Holland in the old days, when he was not in a bad temper.

"Who," inquired the old man, suddenly observing that a woman and child were waiting for Bell in a run-about, "who is that woman?"

"That," returned Bell casually, "is my wife and the baby."

"I didn't know you were married."

At this point Reubena turned and the Major recognized her. "Reubena!" he cried, stretching out his old arms, piteously.

That was the beginning of the reconciliation.

When young Ambrose, the adopted baby, was beginning to walk, and Ruby, the new baby, was beginning to talk in her own baby language, the old man brought forth the diamond necklace from the safe where it had lain all this time.

"Here," he said proudly, "is the diamond necklace I bought for you before you ran away. Take it and keep it for little Ruby."

Reubena took the shining coil and danced it in front of the child's face. "See, Ruby, what grandpa has given you!"

"That's too valuable a thing for a child to play with!" interposed the Major, sharply. "D'you know what I paid for that bauble?"

"Oh, never mind!" returned Reubena, coolly, exchanging a knowing smile with her husband, "It's nothing but paste."

"Paste!" roared the Major with something of his old time fervor, "What d'you mean?"

"I mean," answered Reubena, calmly, "that I sold the original necklace in order to get money to live on. I had a paste imitation made to leave on the dressing table."

"So that was your scheme from the beginning, was it?"

"Yes, father."

The Major stared helplessly from Reubena to Granger and from Granger to Reubena again. Then he smiled weakly. "You've got the Holland spirit all right," he admitted. "I'll buy you another necklace for little Ruby when she's old enough to wear it."

❦ ❦ ❦

Love of Beads Never Dies.

BEADS are so small and so cheap, now-a-days, that not very much is thought of them. How tiny they are, sometimes, those of us know who have tried to thread them, and have found that even the finest needle cannot go thru them and that the thread must be passed thru each one separately, in order to get them on a string. But there are beads and beads, as the saying is, and all beads are not small. There are some, for instance, in the British Museum, in London, which are six inches in diameter. They are made of polished wood, beautifully carved. The inside is hollow, with a little image inside, which can be seen thru an opening covered with a lattice of brass work. These beautiful beads once hung on the walls of a temple in Japan, and they are something different from anything of the sort with which we are acquainted.

People in all ages and in all parts of the world seem to have been fond of beads. The love of beautiful objects was as strong in ancient peoples as it is with us moderns, and they liked pretty things to wear just as we do. They had less to choose from than we have, but it is wonderful how well they made their gold and silver ornaments and beads with the primitive tools they had.

The glass beads made by the Egyptians and the Phoenicians make a good show by the side of modern ones from Venice and other places. We have no books or written records to tell us about this, but we know what they used to wear from the necklaces and bracelets which are found so often in the course of excavations. The beads are variously of amber, jade, earthenware, terra cotta and other materials including glass, of course; and, altho many of them are many centuries old, their colors are still beautiful.

Beads were, also, used in other ways than merely as ornaments. There are the "aggri" beads, for instance, which are supposed to have been made by the Phoenicians and which are so highly prized by some of the natives of the West Coast of Africa that they give gold dust and nuggets and slaves in exchange for them. That is barter, you know, when you exchange one thing for another, instead of paying in money. Of course, they barter, and beads are some of the things they like so much that they will give valuable things in exchange for them.

Sometimes ships have sailed from European and American ports with a cargo consisting chiefly of common beads, such as we know, as that is what certain native races like to trade with. The "aggri" beads are ancient barter beads, and they form part of the royal jewels of the kings of Ashantee. Up to about fifty years ago, as a general rule, they fetched their weight in gold, and some of the rarer sorts one and a half to twice their weight in gold. They are really very pretty, indeed, and are of many different colors.

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Onions and the Ancients.

THE ancient Egyptians, it is said, were forbidden to eat the onion, garlic and leek. According to the priests of Pelusium, the onion was barred because it caused a flow of tears, hunger and thirst, and hence was manifestly out of place in fasts and during religious ceremonies. It did not seem right to weep on occasions of joy or to be tormented with hunger and thirst on days set aside for fasting.

The Hebrews regarded the onion purely for its culinary value. The Greeks were fond of both onions and garlic. The former were apparently used when drinking to increase thirst and enhance the pleasure of the cup. But in the palmy days of Rome the two vegetables had become largely the badge of the rabble.

In the middle ages any well-set table contained a plate of red onions. The chief repute of the onion in medicine was as a diuretic and remedy for dropsy. This belief has persisted up to the present time, and it is somewhat strange to find that as early as 1853 onions and a milk diet were pronounced the best remedy for dropsy. In 1868 Trastour reported that a case of parenchymatous nephritis, with edema and albuminuria, cleared up under the onion-milk regimen. In addition to anasarca of both legs, there had been a hydrothorax. The treatment had provoked a strong diuresis.

In 1910 Mongour saw a still more remarkable case of cirrhosis of the liver with ascites clear up, after three days of onion eating, with a critical polyuria. Cruchet had seen a patient with dropsy recover after a period of onion eating—fifteen or twenty daily. In 1912 Dalche published his article on the "onion cure." He spoke of a case of a three-quart diuresis produced in a dropsical patient by this resource. During the war Leclerc, to whom we are indebted for the preceding information, frequently witnessed this diuretic action in soldiers, notably in a Senegalese with serious effusions and dropsy due to nephritis.

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Brother Gardner's Sayings

WHENEBER I find a quarter in de road I most earnestly wish de loser had bin mo' liberal an' lost fifty cents 'stead of de quarter.

—

Dar am only one sign dat I am afraid of an' dat am de sign of No Trust hangin' up in de butcher shop. When I sees dat sign I walk right out fur dar am no luck in it.

—

When it rains we am not thankful 'nuff dat it isn't an airthquake instead.

—

Don't waste time poundin' yo'r mewl wid a shovel or a rail. Hit him wid one of de Rocky Mountains at once an' have de long agony ober wid.

—

A pullet weighin' two pounds will cackle jest as long when you pull her off re roost as a ten pound hen. Darfo' let de pullet live on an' take de hen.

—

If you am gwine to dream of a dawg under de bed, dream of five 'stead of

"Dream of Five Dawgs 'Stead of One."

one. It won't cost you a cent mo' an' you will have fo' dawgs extra.

—

De way to be a great cull'd financier am to borrer coffee at thirty-five cents a pound an' pay it back wid coffe costin' twenty-nine cents. Still greater financiering am not to pay it back a'tall.

—

Ebery frew nights a man comes an' steals my cowcumbers an' 'taters, but I feel highly honored when he does so. O' co'se he takes me fur a white man.

—

I hain't gwine to say dat when de politician finds out dat he am de only one who voted fur hisself he feels werry proud of de fact. He has thrown his vote away when he might as well have sold it fur two dollars.

—

Some day dar am gwine to be a change about an' de rabbits am gwine to chase de foxes, but it won't happen in our time, an' so we might as well keep runnin'.

—

A woman kin see in de dark better dan a man. Dat am why so many men send deir wives out to cut de wood fur breakfast.

—

If all de women would go barefoot all de year 'round it would save dis kentry about one million dollars, an' if all men would quit smokin' an' chewin' it would save twice as much. Howeber, we hain't gwine to save anythin' if we kin possibly help it.

—

About de time a man begins to dye his hair am de time to find out if he am widower or not.

—

When a man finds out dat de world kin git along without him he has only to commit suicide to find out what an atom he was. About de only part of de world dat misses a man when he am gone am his creditors.

—

Politeness don't allus pay. I found a burglar in my cabin de odder night an' offered him de compliments of de evenin'. In return, he broke my head.

—

If I was to begin life ober, agin, I wouldn't yell on de Fo'th of July, whoop her up on New Year's or go to church on Thankgivin'. I has diskivered dat all dese things raise taxes an' keep 'em raised.

—

When I visit my naybur's woodpile at night I musn't be held to blame fur it. If de coalman had trusted me I wouldn't have had to steal wood. Do they eber think of de harm dey do?

—

When a pusson kin wake up an' find six wheelbarrows in his back yard it am high time dat he finds out whedder he am a sleepwalker or not. It am also an interest to his nayburs to find out.

—

If you owe a debt go an' pay it. If you don't owe a debt go an' make one an' be like de rest of us.

M. QUAD.

FAT PEOPLE MADE SLIM.

Lose a pound a day without exercise or dieting. Eat what you like and weigh what you wish. Science has made this possible by the discovery of the real reason why people get fat. Simply send me your name and I will send you a folder that tells why you got fat and how you can easily and quickly reduce to the weight you want to be. M. B. Smith, Re-Bild Laboratories, Dept. 2030, 1100 Coca Cola Building, Kansas City, Mo.—Adv.

The Observer

A Few Remarks by the Man Who Keeps His Eyes Open.

I OBSERVE that about every third one you meet in the street limps a little. That limp means soft corns. Well, any boilermaker will chisel them off for a quarter apiece.

—

It does not make me sad to walk thru a graveyard. On the contrary, I congratulate those who lie there and have escaped the taxation.

—

I observe that the ex-King of Hungary hasn't got his throne back yet. That is, he is among the thrown and it looks as if he would stay there a good while yet.

—

I observe that a Kentucky mule got so tangled up in a barbed-wire that it took sixteen men to get him free. When the barbed-wire fence came out the mule ought to have understood that his goose was cooked, but he went right along just the same.

—

I observe that a literary man says we shall have war for the next ten years. You have got to have men to have war, and where are we going to get the men? If we kill any more, the women will have to split their own wood to get a meal with.

—

I observe that when you borrow two dollars of a man, and he seems perfectly willing to lend it to you, you are always mad because you did not strike him for five. He would have lent it to you just as quick and you would be three dollars ahead of the game.

—

They tell of a hen in Wisconsin who began crowing the other Sunday morning, and kept it up for two hours, and, thereby, scaring all the folks from attending church. They stayed at home, waiting for the calamity.

—

I observe that when a dog loses his tail, his mind and body feel so sensitive about it that nobody but a mean man would add further indignity by throwing stones at him.

—

Fashion has decreed that women must return to long skirts. This will save every city half the cost of sweeping the streets. Just let the ladies go ahead and do as they darn please.

—

I observe that it has been discovered that molasses is better than tar in case you want to tar and feather a man, and of course there are many people around you who ought to be tarred and feathered, while you, yourself, escape.

—

There is a general inquiry why business does not improve faster. How can it improve in the face of what happened in Maine, the other day. Because two men traded wives, they have been arrested and will go to jail. Is that the encouragement we give business?

—

I observe that a man in Louisville boasts that he has been in forty strikes since the war. By this time, he must have become a stricken man. His wife and children do not boast on having lived on one meal a day.

—

Now then, to make things more pleasant for us who have got to stay here for a year or two longer, it is predicted that we are to have a grasshopper plague next year, and the insects are to eat up the trees, fences and hitching-posts. If they even leave one tree, it will be a sour apple tree.

—

I observe that the dogs are doing their full part in making things rather lively. One in Cincinnati bit forty-two persons the other day, and it took twelve policemen to shoot him after the biting.

What Is Your Problem?

(Concluded From Page 2.)

Fate herself, sometimes, has a way of settling things for us, and we arrive at our Hearts' Desires thru peculiar and unthought of channels.

—

BETTY: You can take a business course even tho you have not finished the grade schools. As to the married man, it seems to me he knows only too well that you are a farm girl and timid. He is trying to take advantage of this and if you should leave town, would in all probability search himself out another farm girl. If I were you, I'd tell it all to mother and daddy and perhaps they will take you on a trip. I am so sure you would forget him that I could almost wager money on it. He is wise enough to keep himself constantly before your mind by seeing you every day. If you changed your location, I should not let him know, so that he could not keep himself in front of you by writing every day.

—

WIFE WHO KNOWS: My dear: Concerning the answer to "A Broken Hearted Wife" I suggested, if you remember, that the girl follow this course for about a year and then write me about it. But eight years! Yes, you are right. I would have said something quite different, had it been eight years instead of five months! There are selfish people of every gender, creed and nation. And there are lovable people of every gender, creed and nation. I am sorry you have taken hands with the first kind.

With most men, the right woman can make a man; the wrong woman can break him. But, as you suggest, there exist men who are unnatural and brutish.

—

J: Nothing yet discovered to make coarse hair fine. I wish I could make fine hair coarse, for if you think you have a job combing coarse hair, you should be afflicted with fine hair for about a week! As for making your hair lie straight, try this: After having washed it, comb it, wet, the way you want it, bind a towel tightly around it to hold it straight and go to bed, keeping out of a draft. It will dry over night and will be very tame next morning and thereafter.

Transformation.

AIR transportation from England to the continent is growing so rapidly that it is possible the proposed tunnel under the English channel may not be built.

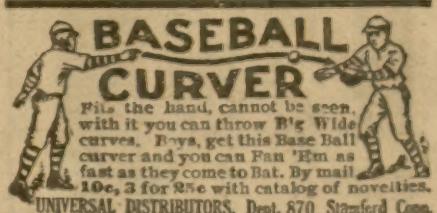
SUCH PAINS AS THIS WOMAN HAD

Two Months Could Not Turn in Bed. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Finally Restored Health

Seattle, Washington.—"I had dragging pains first and could not stand on my feet, then I had chills and fever and such pains in my right side and a hard lump there. I could not turn myself in bed and could not sleep. I was this way for over two months, trying everything any one told me, until my sister brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until all the hard pains had left me and I was able to be up and to do my work again. The hard lump left my side and I feel splendid in all ways. I know of many women it has helped."—Mrs. G. RICHARDSON, 4640 Orcas St., Seattle, Washington.

This is another case where Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought results after "trying everything any one told me" had failed.

If you are suffering from pain, nervousness and are always tired; if you are low spirited and good for nothing, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may not only relieve the present distress, but prevent the development of more serious trouble.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CURVER
Fits the hand, cannot be seen, with it you can throw Big Wide curves. Boys, get this Base Ball curver and you can Fan 'Em as fast as they come to Bat. By mail 10c, 3 for 25c with catalog of novelties.
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VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE In addition to big profits on every paper you sell we give you valuable premiums free. When you start we send you a premium catalog from which you can select the premiums you want.

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but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

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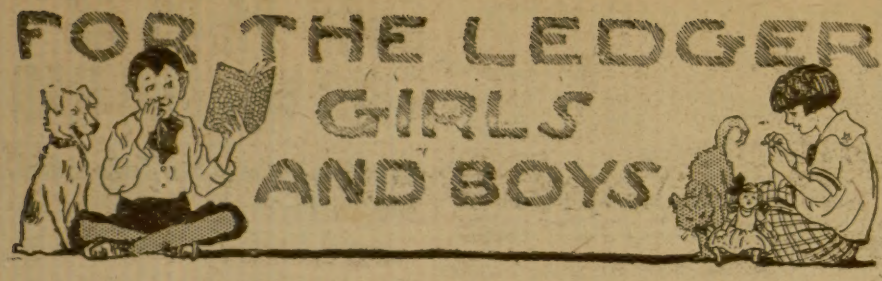

The Pest Destroyer

WHEN Henry felt blue he didn't mind letting everyone know it, in fact, the more knew it, the better Henry felt. That was why the house was so still and gloomy and everybody in it went around with a long face. Cousin Herb didn't know about it tho he should have, because Henry met him at the station and gave him lots of hints. But Herb was the kind of a fellow who is so wrapped up in his own self he hasn't any time left to notice others—at least, that was Henry's opinion.

"How's everyone?" Herb had inquired.

"All well, except me," Henry replied in a mournful voice.

"Zat's good," said Herb. "Gee, there's Sam Brunner on a motorcycle! Wish I had one. Dad says I can as soon as I'm old enough to have a license. I wouldn't mind having a motor-wheel for my old bike. Say, I brought my bike along with me this year."

Henry let him babble on, but Herb

"Say, Aunt Jo, What Ails You All?"

never noticed that his cousin had the blues. When they got home, Henry went off by himself leaving Herb to shift for himself. Herb went around looking for Henry.

"Say, Aunt Jo," he asked, going out to the kitchen, "where's 'Hen' and what ails you all?"

"Henry is very depressed," replied his aunt sadly. "He was late getting back from the country this year, and he doesn't like his teacher in the new grade and the others got a start so he feels out of it, and he misses the healthy outdoor life, and the mosquitoes bother him so at night he can't sleep."

"Mosquitoes!" exclaimed Herb.

"Don't it seem queer," replied Aunt Jo, "that we should be having this heat and mosquitoes at this time of the year in the city. I never expected it so I put the screens away, but Henry says he can't sleep a wink they bother him so."

"It does beat the Dutch!" agreed Herb. "But don't worry about 'Hen', I'll fix him up all right. In the first place, he'll get used to the teacher; and secondly, I'm later than he is, and that ought to be some comfort; and thirdly, I'll think up a way to get rid of the mosquitoes."

"You dear boy!" cried his aunt. "I'm so glad your parents let you come here to school. I don't know what I'd do without you. Henry's so temperamental."

This praise rather put Herb on his mettle, so he went at once into the library to study and think. A mosquito bar would keep the pests off the sensitive Henry, but that was too tame a method to appeal to Herb. He wanted something with a thrill in it. He delved into an encyclopedia and found that mosquitoes breed in water and if you can find the breeding place and sprinkle oil on the water the mosquito tribe would just naturally die out.

"That's queer," he said to himself, "no water around here that I know of."

He read on and learned that some mosquitoes carry disease and that the Canal Zone used to be terribly unhealthy but since the mosquitoes had been slain, it had become a regular health resort. Fish are good mosquito-killers, so are frogs. "The common toad is a champion pest destroyer," said the article.

"Well now," said Herb, "that's real interesting and I'll start right out to get rid of the skeets."

He went out into the back yard which opened on an alley. There was a narrow ditch in the middle of the alley, full of stale water. Herb went back, got an oil can and sprinkled the ditch, also some old tin cans in which water was standing. He felt very important indeed when some of the other children of the neighborhood came out and asked him what he was doing.

"Lend me the can," requested Tommy, "we have a norful stagnant ackuarium."

"Then I'd like to borrow it," Daisy said. "I know there's stagnant water around our place."

So Herb lent them the can. Then he went and knocked the crate off his bicycle and telling his aunt that he was going for a little business ride, he cycled out of the street and off to the suburbs of the city. He knew the city very well for he had been going to school there for three winters.

It was quite like the country in the suburbs and Herb knew of a certain spot where there were lots of hop-toads—at least, there had been the year before. When he got there he didn't find so many, in fact, only one very horny old chap.

"Come on, pest destroyer," he urged, grabbing the toad and stuffing it into a tin can. "We need you down our way."

Herb and Henry shared the same room and slept in a double bed. Henry wasn't about when Herb got back so he took his "destroyer" up to their room and turned him loose. Mr. Toad hopped gingerly over the rug and took refuge under the bed.

"Now, get busy," urged his master.

Then the supper-bell rang and in the excitement of stuffing down hot muffins and jam and stewed oysters and liver and bacon and a lot of other things, Herb forgot about the stranger upstairs. Henry was gloom personified, but Herb was so gay and funny nobody noticed poor Pain-in-the-face. Henry felt that the world was cruel and hard, so he went to bed soon after supper while his jovial cousin entertained the boys and girls who dropped in to give him a greeting.

Herb went to bed about nine o'clock and tried to be real quiet so as not to disturb poor "Hen." In fact, he only dropped his watch once and turned over a little table on which was a large brown wicker ornament shaped like a vase with a tin thing inside, and Henry's paint-box. He was afraid he'd disturbed his cousin but Henry kept on sewing gourds. But when he was ready for bed and stood poised, something cold hopped on his foot. Well, believe me, he jumped, and landed right on top of poor "Hen."

"Oh, did I disturb you?" he inquired anxiously. "I didn't mean to."

"Haven't slept a wink," muttered Henry. "Skeet's tearing me to bits. All clustered thick around my pillow."

Then Herb remembered the toad and realized what had hopped on his foot awhile ago. No wonder the poor fellow couldn't get at the skeets. They were all clustered around "Hen's" pillow. Herb felt around with his hand and scooped up the "destroyer" and put it where the skeets were clustered. Then he lay down and closed his eyes for he was very tired.

All was still and peaceful when suddenly the household was awakened by a terrible yell.

"Help!" cried a choking voice. "Someding's on my face!"

Herb rose up and turned on the light. There sat the "destroyer" on "Hen's" face, "mounting guard like a regular soldier," as he said afterwards.

"It's just a mosquito destroyer I got for you," he explained, but "Hen" ungratefully shoved the toad off his features.

"Thanks—not!" he cried wrathfully. "I prefer mosquitoes. Wish I had a pest destroyer to put on you!"

Aunt Jo stuck a frightened face into the door.

"He's cured!" cried Herb in triumph. "He says he prefers mosquitoes!" But he got no further for a pillow aimed with care struck him in the head. Aunt Jo observed "Hen's" flushed and grinning face, so different from the forlorn looks which had haunted them so long, and she smiled, saying: "Isn't that fine! 'Hen' has got over the blues."

The Frilled Lizard.

YOU may think from my picture, that I'm trying to dance the Highland fling, or some of the new jazz dances, but I'm not. That is just my way of running when I get in a big hurry. It is a funny habit for a lizard, and not a very graceful one, but when I wish to go somewhere, and go quickly, I just naturally rise up on my hind legs, and run just as you do, using my front legs as arms to keep my balance. It is such an unexpected way for a four-legged creature to run, that when I get in that position, and go toddling away, people just stand stock still and gaze with open-mouth astonishment. I may not look very graceful in the picture, but I sure am moving, and you want to remember that.

I Was Leaving the Photographers When This Picture Was Taken.

People that give names to the animals, birds and reptiles, call me the Frilled Lizard, on account of the big, showy collar or cape that I wear. It is a thin skin that stands out around my head for all the world like those Queen Elizabeth used to wear, if you are to believe the pictures of that high tempered lady. I can either wear it standing up stiff and starched, or I can fold it up like an umbrella and wear it in pleats down my back. Most of the time I wear it that way, and you would hardly notice it at all, but if anything frightens me, or if I get real good and mad, I give it a sudden flirt, and it stands out like a great ruff, and they tell me a very frightful appearance. I often frighten away dogs and other enemies that way, and it surprises them so much, that generally they go on about their business and let me alone.

I am about two feet long, and when my collar is spread it is something like nine inches across, so you can imagine what a fearsome looking creature I must be. My skin is scaly, and of a brownish-gray with darker spots and stripes, but this splendid collar is bright yellow, almost orange, with crimson splotches here and there, and it is notched or frilled around the edges. It is funny, but in our family the men folks have bigger and finer collars than the ladies—just the opposite to the way it is in your family. You must not get it in your head that I always walk on two feet, for I don't, it is only when I am traveling over bare, level ground, that I walk upright as you do. At other times I crawl just like any other lizard, and when I climb a tree I use all four feet, and could use more if I had them. I don't let my tail drag when I do my two-footed stunt, but carry it sticking up in the air as high as I can hold it, and that makes me look even more ridiculous. As it is generally pretty warm where we live, we don't have to bother about nests or anything of that kind, but we live out in the open all the time, and when it rains too hard, we crawl under a limb, and cling there until it is over. We love to bask in the hot sunshine and doze the time away. When hungry, all we have to do is to catch and eat some of the many insects around, so you see life with us is a pleasant, uneventful one. Eating and sleeping are about the only amusements we have, but from our way of looking at it, that's as much fun as going to a picture show. One branch of our family eat nothing but a certain kind of ants, the kind that do so much damage when they get into houses, and in this way they make themselves very useful to the people who live in our country. If good and hungry one of them can eat a thousand or so of these smelly, black ants at one meal. Take me all together, I suppose I must be one of the queerest lizards that there is, and if you should care to see me at home you will have to buy a ticket on one of the steamship lines and sail and sail until you are clear around on the other side of the world, and then you must stop off at Australia, which is about as queer a country as I am a lizard. Many things there seem to be all topsy-turvy, and different from things in other parts of the world. So maybe I'm queer, because I live in such a queer country.

One of the most widely followed professions in the far north is that of the ivory carver.

A Privileged Character.

A TEACHER was trying to illustrate the outcome of laziness and idleness. She drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Johnnie," she said to a little boy who had been looking out of the window, and whose mind was far from the lesson of the hour, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food, and lodging, and gives nothing in return?"

Johnnie's face glowed. "Please, miss," he replied, "the baby!"

Columbus.

ACROSS the sea in a wooden boat,
With sails most to the sky,
Columbus sailed with his men so bold
A new short route to try.
Oh, the sea was rough and the waves were high
And the little vessel tossed,
Till the sailors in the hold below
Thought surely they were lost.
But Columbus he was stout of heart
And he did not flinch nor quail,
But stood on the look-out all the night
Beside the wood deck rail.
And when his men thought all was lost
And formed a mutinous band,
Columbus heard the shout aloft:
"Land, we've sighted land!"
And straight they landed on the shore
Where white man ne'er had trod;
Then knelt and with a reverent heart
Gave thanks unto their God.

The Same Thing.

ROBERT came in from school one afternoon wheeling his bicycle.

Mother was busy getting the tea, but paused for a moment.

"What has happened to your bicycle?" she inquired.

"Oh," said Robert, "the tire is punctuated."

"You mean punctured, my boy," said his mother.

"Well, at any rate," said Robert with conviction, "I came to a full stop."

The Last Word.

TWELVE-year-old Kathryn sat with her father and aunt beside the evening lamp, studying a big book, when she exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, 'zyxomma' is a funny word for you to be proud of."

"My dear child, what are you talking about?" asked her aunt.

"Why, daddy said you were fond of the last word, and I've just looked it up in the dictionary, and it is 'zyxomma.'"

Golf and Army Mixed.

RECRUITING OFFICER—But what would a boy like you do in the Army?

Lad—Don't you need a caddie to carry your swords and things?

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Hidden Periods.

312—Find in each sentence the name of some period of time. The letters spelling each name are continuous.

1. Simon thought deeply about it.
2. We took a very early train.
3. Dinah, our cook, is ill.
4. Cook balsam in utensils of copper.
5. Hortense conducted a small party.
6. Tom and a youth a little older went on a trip.
7. A wee knot kept the parcel in place.

Beheadings.

313—1. Behead part of a chair and have what we do three times a day.

2. Behead what travels on rails and have a beneficent liquid.

3. Behead what you did to your trousers and have a metal.

4. Behead what you do when you are frightened and have something better than milk.

4. Behead the taking of something that isn't yours and have a variety of wild duck.

Four Word Square.

314—1. A finny dweller of the deep.
2. A girl's name.
3. A speck of soot.
4. Intense dislike.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

309—Jumbled Metals.

Gold, tin, copper, brass.

310—Double Acrostic.

Carl Sandburg: Chicago Poems. Crosswords: CaloriC, AsH, ReI, LaC, SeA, AgoG, NO, DroP, BrunO, UniquE, RooM, GrasS.

311—Reversed Words.

1. Spar, raps. 2. Pets, step. 3. Star, rats. 4. Spit, tips. 5. Pot, top.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

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Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Book today.—Adv.

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa. —Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROcery store? You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested. Take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples make sales easy. Enormous repeat orders—300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. Two other "sight sellers" and sure repeaters give our agents the fastest selling line in the country. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 88, 1302-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING Bliss Native Herbs, a remedy manufactured since 1888 for the relief of constipation, rheumatism, indigestion, biliousness. Millions have used it; thousands of testimonials received. Some agents make as high as $300 per month. So can you. Write today. We will tell you how. Address Dept. W, Alonzo O. Bliss Co., Bliss Building, 35-39 B St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

TAILORING SALESMEN: MAKE $75.00 A week selling our strictly all-wool made-to-measure suits at $26.50. You collect profits in advance and keep them. We supply finest selling outfit in America. Many exclusive money-making features. Tailoring, raincoat and side-line men, part or full time, get in touch with us immediately. Goodwear, Chicago, Inc., Dept. 149, 843 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start a profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

GET INTO THE RADIO BUSINESS, UNlimited sales possibilities. We supply complete radio sets, or blue prints and parts to assemble. Every dealer and individual a prospect. $100 order secures quantity discount. Catalog free. 5 blue prints $1.00. Tribune Airfone Co., Dept. B, Owego, N. Y.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, paper mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk U-4, Chicago.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES —Free auto; big weekly bonus; $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful, 7 piece solid aluminum handle cutlery set. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., 803 Madison St., Dept. 23G, Chicago.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of over 1,000 handsome fabric samples furnished to agents. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 572 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

"$10 A DAY AND MORE," OUR NEW book, shows clearly how you may gain sure success and large profits selling guaranteed hosiery and underwear, factory to family. It is free. Write today. C. & D. Co., E-46, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS. SELL WOLVERINE LAUNDRY Soap, 150 other household necessities. Big line. Big profits. Quick repeaters. Free instruction. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Wolverine Soap Co., Dept. H, Grand Rapids, Mich.

AMBITIOUS MEN, WRITE TODAY FOR ATtractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazine. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

GREAT PROFITS ASSURED CAPABLE men joining immediately national selling organization for Evenflo self-filling ink-pencil pen. Writes with ink instead of lead. Send for profit proposition. Evenflo Pen Co., Dept. 52, Grand Rapids, Mich.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN, Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 66-BB Pine St., New York.

ALADDIN'S MAGICAL POLISHING CLOTH. New. Every home buys. Sales Guaranteed. Repeats. Big profits. Free sample. Aladdin Mfg. Co., 9 S. Clinton, Dept. 200, Chicago.

LIGHTNING—STRANGE BATTERY COMpound startles the world, better than sulphuric acid, charges discharged batteries instantly, gallon free to agents. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS—BEST-LOOKING, biggest value. Manufacturer to wearer. Every order nets profit $1.50-$2.25. Write for winning sales plan. Menzin Shirt Co., 2563-B, Third Ave., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS $25.00 A WEEK FOR SPARE TIME. Suits $13.45, pants $3.45 up. Money back guarantee. Guaranteed quality. Line well known. Samples free. Write Chicago Tailors Association, Dept. 109, Chicago.

PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH; RETAILS $17.50. Equal to $50.00. Big profit; everybody buys; no competition. Exclusive territory. Lifetime opportunity. Appiebaum, 335 North Orianna street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

GREATEST SENSATION! ELEVEN-PIECE soap and toilet set, selling like blazes for $1.75 with $1 dressmaker's shears free to each customer; other unique plans. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

AGENTS — BIGGEST MONEY-MAKING agencies in America (2 propositions). Exclusive territory. Sample, particulars free. Thayer Consolidated Factories, Armitage and Mango, Chicago, Ill.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE MAKES PREmier Sharpener fastest seller. Hundreds getting rich. You can. Write Premier Mfg. Co., 803 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AUTO TIRES, BIG PROPOSITION SELLING direct to consumer; permanent business. Write for particulars. Southern Co., 610 Lyman Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

AGENTS! CENTURIES SENSATION! JOY-Jel "jells" all fresh, canned, dried fruit juices, summer or winter. Joy-Jel Company, St. Joseph, Mo.

AGENTS: MAKE 100%, TOILET ARTICLES, perfumes, extracts, household necessities. Sample case free. LaDerma Co., Dept. B, Main & Walnut, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

$150 PER MONTH EASY; NOTHING TO buy or sell. Enclose stamp for reply. Custar Drug Co., Custar, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED. INCORPORATED AND bonded. Douglas Detective Agency. Winston-Salem, N. C.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents

HELP WANTED

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS—AUGust-Sept.—Vacancies, $120 monthly. Age, 18 upward. Experience unnecessary. For free list positions now open, write J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MEN WANTED TO ACT AS FINANCIAL broker, hire others to sell foreign money and bonds. No capital or experience required. Write for information at once. Georges Grigoleit, 20 East Jackson, Chicago, Ill.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

MEN, WOMEN, OVER 18, DESIRING GOVernment positions, $1400 up, write immediately for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

$135 MONTH. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MEN, OVER 17, WANTED, STEADY WORK. Commence $135 month. Government railway mail clerks. Common education. List positions free. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. G 26, Rochester, N. Y.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; experience unnecessary; particulars free. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1009 Lucas, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write. American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BOYS—MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EXperts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. H 404, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN OVER 17. RAILWAY MAIL clerks. Travel. Commence $133 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 26, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD COINS

WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS CASH FOR nickel of 1913 with Liberty head. Watch your change. We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for coin circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEN'S HATS

MEN BUY YOUR HATS DIRECT FROM factory; send for style book. Model Hat Mfg. Co., East Orange, N. J.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN MAKING BIG MONEY INTROducing new style patented sanitary bloomerette, most comfortable on market. Vulcan, 132B, West 43d St., New York.

$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

WOMEN—GIRLS. LEARN DRESS DESIGNing. $35 week. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. H 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

TIRED OF POVERTY? IF YOU ARE TIRED of slaving for wages or salary, or the poor rewards of small business, while others around you grow rich and independent—if you have the ambition that every American ought to have, and are determined not to stay poor in this land of Opportunity, then I have something you want to hear about. I don't want to hear from "Widows and Orphans," or those unable or unwilling to take an intelligent risk. I can't offer you something for nothing, for nothing worth having is to be had without risk, but if you are willing to back me, provided you find after careful investigation that my project is just as I say it is, and you have the ambition and spirit of the American pioneer, then tear out this ad right now and mail with your name and address, and without obligation to you, I will send you my references and full, interesting information. Do it now before you forget. Chas. Saunders, 310 G. F. Denham Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUsands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN GRAIN—$12.50 BUYS GUARANtee on 10,000 bushels wheat; no further risk; movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c $400, etc.; particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$4 AN ACRE CASH. BALANCE 21 YEARS, buys valuable Texas land. Write Gulf Realty Company, 327 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUBlic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

MEDICAL

I HAVE THE WORLD'S GUARANTEED best, safest, surest specialists' home remedies for every human ailment. How to cure yourself at home, and marvelous $4 remedy free if you write today. D. Wolfe, Box 7, Ridgewood Station, Brooklyn, New York.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS — SEND FOR FREE BOOK. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

BICYCLE MOTORS

DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACHment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE: $5 DOWN, $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $225. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FARM WANTED

WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER. FARM for sale. Price, particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

SHORT STORIES

SHORT STORIES, POEMS, ARTICLES, newspaper stories, novels, sold, criticized, revised. We have successfully handled thousands of manuscripts. Ad. Pub. Co., P. O. Box 496, San Francisco.

BOOKS

"GUIDE TO WEALTH." A GREAT BOOK of plain, practical rules for acquiring riches. Write for circular. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44 St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO

KENTUCKY HOMESPUN SMOKING TObacco, aged in bulk; mellow and sweet, 10 pounds, $1.50; 20 pounds, $2.75. Tobacco Growers Union. Lynnville, Ky.

PERSONAL

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic, nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 508 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE, caused from weak, nervous, rundown condition, try Castleberry's Pills. 24 days' treatment, $2.75. The wonder of the age. 50,000 pleased customers. Sample and wonderful testimonials free. A. F. Castleberry, Dept. 564, Columbus, Ga.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS. Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

GIRLS. BEAUTIFUL EYELASHES AND eyebrows overnight. Simply dye them with our harmless guaranteed preparation, $1.00. Madam Rose, McClellan Hotel, Flint, Michigan.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 25, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS $25,000 STOCK farm, desires to correspond with honorable man with matrimonial intentions. Mrs. Lane, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY HEALTH, WEALTH—THOUSANDS; worth $5,000 to $400,000; desire marriage. Photos—introductions; descriptions, free. Sunflower Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

PRETTY MAIDEN TWENTY-THREE DEsires acquaintance with refined man of means. Miss B, 203 Security Building, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

DR. ROWE'S SERIAL 4, LATEST ON heart, kidney, urinary diseases; important information; postage 4c; send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential, reliable; years experience, descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

LONELY LITTLE "FLAPPER," TIRED LIVing alone, very wealthy. I dare you write. Box 86, Club, 204 Elm Ave., San Francisco, Calif. (Stamp please.)

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN CORrespondents. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W. E., England.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEscriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS! WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANdinavian Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

BUSINESS MAN; GOOD HEALTH; SOME wealth. Ladies write me. Box 38, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLIcation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

LONESOME WIDOWS—GET BUSY, WRITE me, marry wealth. Mr. Hyde, Box 205, 86, San Francisco, Calif.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

EDUCATED GENTLEMAN, 50, WORTH $30,000 wants wife. Q-Box 25, League, Toledo, Ohio.

GENTLEMAN WORTH $50,000 WANTS LOVing, affectionate wife. "Confidential." Write: (E. B.) care B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

ARE YOU LONELY? WRITE DORIS DAWN, 10602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio. Enclose envelope, please.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

Wood Engraving Artist.

WITH the death of John Karst at his country home in Sullivan County, New York, there passed away an artist who did much for wood engraving.

Karst was born in Bingen on the Rhine eighty-six years ago, coming to this country when an infant. He learned the trade of wood engraving, which he quickly made a profession. He was not long in convincing the heads of such publications as Harper's and Frank Leslie's that wood engraving was an art.

When the old-time plan of photographing a picture on the black was adopted Karst was one of the few wood engravers who survived the change. He induced a great publishing-house to substitute artistic engravings for the abominations that filled their books. An edition of a geography with the most beautiful pictures ever printed in such a textbook resulted in revolutionizing wood engraving.

For the next thirty years there was scarcely an illustrated educational textbook of value the engravings of which were not made in Karst's studio.

Karst was an authority on porcelains, prints and first editions of books. His knowledge was broad, and every publisher of his time valued his friendship, and not a few sought his advice.

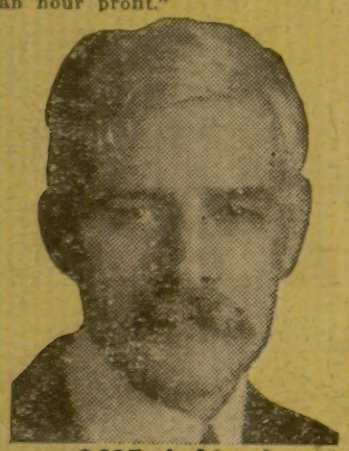
The Biggest Opportunity of Your Life

Will You Give Me a Chance To Pay You $48 a Week?

I want to make you an offer whereby you can earn from $100 to $1000 a month, cash. And I am going to tell you how to get started immediately without waiting or delay.

$3 An Hour

Carl P. King, of Kentucky, a machinist, says: "Since I received my outfit the time I've spent calling on customers has paid me $3.00 an hour profit."



$625 A Month

Andrew B. Spencer, of Pennsylvania is an insurance man who represents us in spare time. We paid him $625 for one month's spare time.

Big Spare Time Profits

Miss Mary McCoy, of Georgia, is a school teacher who uses her spare time as our representative. Her profit for one month was $232.39.

$256 For One Month's Spare Time

F. E. Wright, South Carolina railroad man, finds the Comer Agency a great profit maker. $256.56 for one month's leisure hours' effort.

You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what Carl Rowe did in a small town in New York State. Rowe was a baker earning $50 a week. He accepted my offer. He did just what I am trying to get you to do. In his spare time he made as much as $800 a month. Then he quit his job as a baker and by spending all his time at this new work made from $900 to $1,200 a month. You can do every bit as well as he did.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $800 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it?

A Clean, High-Grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials—for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

Important Notice

The Comer Manufacturing Company is the biggest business of its kind in the world. Every statement is true. Every promise will be fulfilled and anyone writing to them is assured of honest, square treatment.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that money. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you only send us two average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you can make $48 a week and more.

Maybe You Are Worth $1000 A Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40.00 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20.00 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need 500 men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in increasing your income from $100 to $1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. COMER, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. B-186 Dayton, Ohio

Just Mail This NOW!

THE COMER MFG. CO.,
Dept. B-186, Dayton, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation on my part, copy of your booklet and full details of your proposition.

Name .....

Address .....

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